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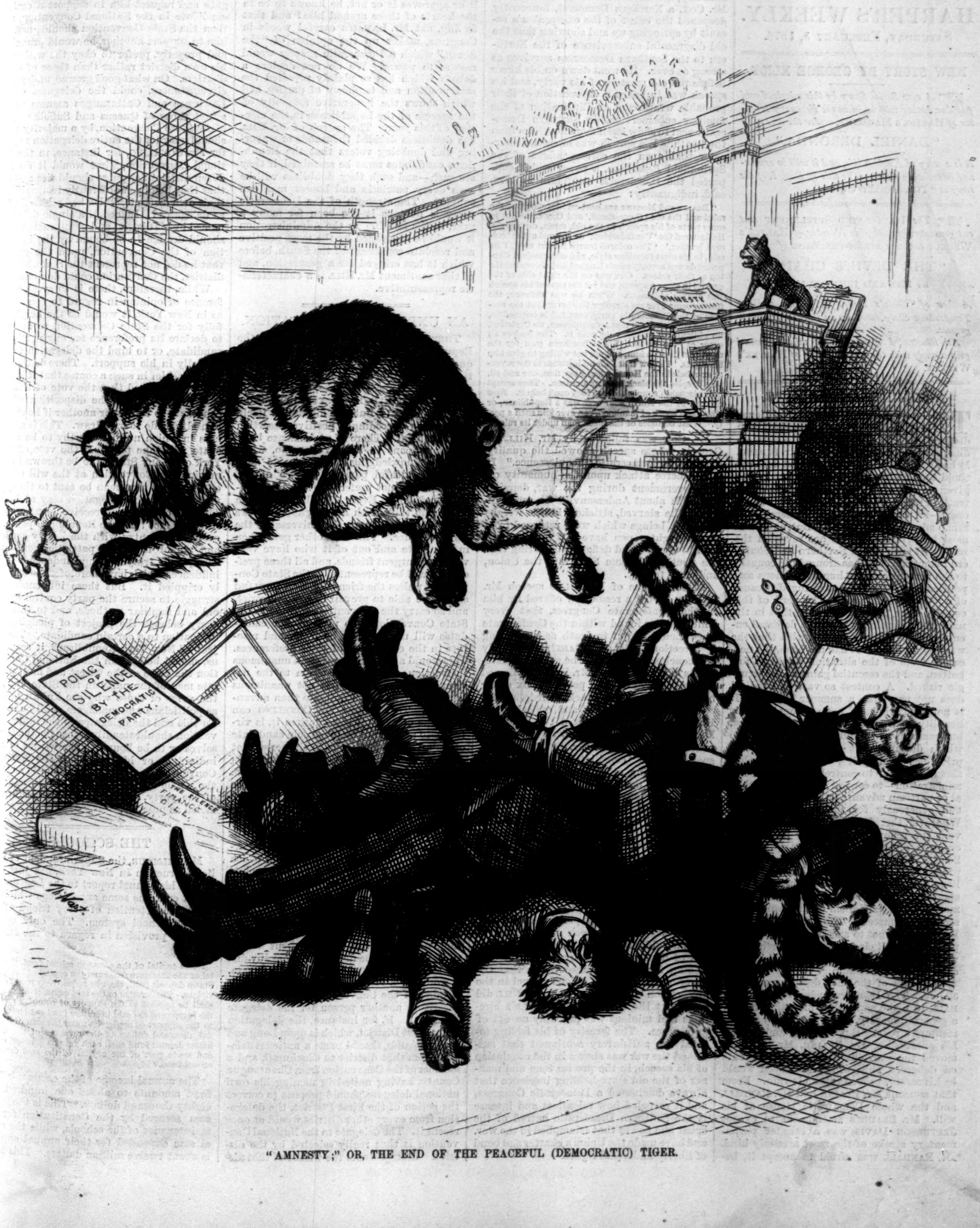
AMNESTY
POLICY OF SILENCE BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.
THE SILENCE FINANCE BILL.
Th. Nast.

"AMNESTY;" OR, THE END OF THE PEACEFUL (DEMOCRATIC) TIGER.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 5, 1876.

NEW STORY BY GEORGE ELIOT.

☞ *A new Serial Story by this admired and popular author will begin in the February Number of* Harper's Magazine, *under the title of*

"DANIEL DERONDA."

It is a story of English life, and it will be continued in monthly parts. The title of Book I. of the story is "The Spoiled Child."

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of*

"THE DEVIL'S CHAIN,"

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

Author of "Ginx's Baby," etc. This striking Temperance Story increases in interest as it progresses.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

A SIGNIFICANT DEBATE.

The late amnesty debate in the House of Representatives has had several very distinct results. It has shown the extraordinary parliamentary skill of Mr. Blaine. It has satisfied those who thought him too timid that he has plenty of pluck. It has given an opportunity for stating the exact truth in regard to the war prisons and prisoners—an opportunity which General Garfield admirably improved. But, chief and most important of all, it has revealed the real spirit both of the Northern and Southern Democracy, and has aroused the country to the perception that human passions and political purposes are not changed because of a "Centennial" year. The peril of this country since the war has been that in the natural magnanimity toward a defeated enemy, and the equally natural wish that the war should be as if it had not been, the necessary facts of the situation would be forgotten, and the essential gains of the struggle risked. A contest so vast and radical does not pass like a summer shower. It is not vindictiveness, nor sectionalism, nor hostility to a real return of good feeling, but common-sense and wise statesmanship which demand that the convictions and principles and policy which triumphed should continue to control the national Administration—to control it not for a sectional or partisan advantage, but justly, firmly, and generously for the common welfare. Whatever, therefore, serves properly to prevent the renewed ascendency in the government of the Democratic party, or "the South," is an advantage for liberty and progress. This is not to declare for Republican success at any cost, because only constant reliance upon the intelligence and morality and patriotism of the country can secure that success. The way to defeat the Democracy is not to sustain the Republican party under all circumstances, whether it is wisely or madly led, but to insist that it shall be worth sustaining.

The facts of the late debate were very simple. The Democratic leader, Mr. Randall, to make capital for his party, moved a general amnesty. It was a party parliamentary stroke. But knowing and fearing his antagonist, Mr. Blaine, Mr. Randall moved the previous question, which cuts off debate. This, which he hoped would be his safety, proved to be his ruin. From that moment Mr. Blaine had Mr. Randall and the whole Democratic House at his will. Mr. Blaine's amendment to except Jefferson Davis was a counter parliamentary stroke of the most masterly kind. Mr. Randall was afraid to accept it, because he knew that the Northern wing of his party would not wish to vote in favor of Davis, while the Southern wing would not vote against him; and his only course was to insist upon the previous question, which left him in the absurd position of absolutely refusing to entertain an amendment, and of forcing through a most important measure under the gag. He persisted, lost control of his own bill, and precipitated a debate of such infinite damage to his own party that the Speaker is said to have received more than a hundred telegrams from Northern Democrats praying him to stop it.

Mr. Blaine's speech made the Democratic position a thousand times more uncomfortable. If the Northern Democrats were reluctant, for party purposes, to seem to favor Jefferson Davis when his name only was mentioned, the party danger was enormously increased when his crimes were vividly described and the ghastly memories of Andersonville were revived. But, notwithstanding, the instant Mr. Blaine had ended, Mr. Cox, a Northern Democrat, innocently deepened the effect of the ex-Speaker's assault by springing up and showing that the old disgraceful subservience of the Northern to the Southern Democrats survives as strong as ever. He went down on his knees before the old masters of his party, and his speech was in effect a deprecation of their probable wrath, and an illustration of the familiar superserviceable Northern Democratic zeal to show itself more Southern than the South. His speech was of such a character that even the correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, a paper which supported the Democratic candidate in 1872, said, indignantly:

> "Blaine and Morton are bent on 'drawing out' the rebel and the old 'Copperhead,' and Cox came out in some parts of his speech in the old, mean, dirty style. He flattered the 'Confederates;' he sneered at the 'colored brother.' 'The colored troops fought nobly!' he said, in his most facetious style, and one hundred Copperheads and seventy rebels laughed and cheered at the top of their voices. Cox was on the right side of the quarrel in some respects, and yet the tone of his speech was simply villainous. When he was through, the feeling came over me stronger than ever that the success of the Democratic party next fall is impossible, for the simple reason that no gentleman, no Christian, no philanthropist, can vote with it. The leaders all sneer at 'the darky.' These Southern men for the most part despise him, and are not willing to give him his rights. I know that I do no injustice to the seventy ex-rebels in the House when I say that, one and all, they despise the black man as a citizen. They accept his citizenship simply because they can't help it. Now no man at the North who ever was a Republican, or who has a spark of manhood, can ever join such a party. What becomes of the black man under its rule?"

Mr. Cox was followed by Mr. Hill, of Georgia, whose speech showed the quality of Southern Democratic "acquiescence." It was a fierce attack upon the humanity of the government during the war, denying the truth about Andersonville—a truth of which the starved, stricken, idiotic wrecks of human beings which were returned from that slaughter-pen have left no Northern man in doubt—and defiantly declaring that the South had come back into the Union, and come to stay.

In the course of Mr. Hill's speech Mr. Blaine quoted a resolution offered by him in the Confederate Congress, that every Union soldier found within the Confederate lines should be put to death as instigating insurrection. General Garfield forcibly and conclusively showed the gross misstatements of Mr. Hill, and Mr. Blaine followed him, pitilessly crushing poor Mr. Cox under his own old speeches acknowledging the crimes of Andersonville, and exposing Mr. Hill by showing him from the record to have been one of the most sanguinary and relentless of rebels. Mr. Banks made a speech of the "conciliatory" kind, and Mr. Seelye, calling attention to the fact that Mr. Hill did not deny Mr. Blaine's charges about Andersonville, maintained that technically Jefferson Davis could not be excluded from amnesty on account of inhumanity. Several Democrats tried to make matters smoother for the Southern brethren. Mr. Cox shouted to Mr. Blaine to "dry up," and called him the "honorable hyena from Maine;" and finally, by a parliamentary stroke as keen as that which opened the debate, Mr. Blaine closed it by leaving the Democratic party in the position of refusing the chance of free speech and amendment upon a public measure of great significance, and of having asserted by the mouth of a leading Southern Representative that the government had been odiously cruel in the prosecution of the war. That Mr. Hill did not taunt the minority as Lincoln's hirelings and minions was probably an act of pure grace. The ferocity of his feeling toward the antislavery sentiment that sustained the war was shown in the conclusion of his speech, in the precise tone and manner of the old slave-holding insolence that always dominated a Democratic Congress, and it revealed how relentless and intense is the Southern Democratic hatred of the spirit and power that triumphed in the war, and have made the Union a charter and bond of liberty and equal rights.

There has been an effort upon the part of the Northern Democratic press to belittle Mr. Hill as an irreconcilable and fire-eater, and to insist that he does not fairly represent the feeling of the ex-Confederates or of the Democratic party. Yet, almost at the very hour of Mr. Hill's speech in Congress, Mr. Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, who is constantly cited as the type of the most moderate and reasonable Southern sentiment, was saying to the Democratic caucus of the Mississippi Legislature:

> "All that I can say is that, as a Southern man, a Georgian by birth and education, and a Mississippian by adoption in my earliest manhood, I came to thank this Convention of Southern men, descendants of Southern ancestors, for having committed into my hands the right, the honor, and the sovereignty of your State. By your unrestricted and unrestrained suffrage I am elected to an office adorned by the genius and statesmanship of a Brown and a Davis."

What does all this show but Mr. Lamar's consciousness that, when he is not speaking for a Northern audience, he must utter the feeling which, whether he personally holds it or approves it or not, he knows to be in the hearts of those around him? and that feeling, not Mr. Lamar's careful words in Congress, makes up the opinion of "the South," which a Democratic success would restore to power. We do not deplore a debate which has so plainly revealed the real position and tendency of parties, and which shows the imperative necessity of the success of the Republicans in the election of this year. The speech of Mr. Hill has doubtless decided thousands of wavering and doubting voters that the Republican candidates must be sustained, if they are such—and such they doubtless will be—as every patriotic and honest man can support. The strength of the Democratic party is now, as it has been for many a year, in the South. In the Administration it would be controlled by the most positive and resolute sentiment of the South, before which it has cringed for a generation, and of that sentiment Mr. Hill is a characteristic representative.

AN UNPLEDGED DELEGATION.

There has been a great deal said by the Republican press of New York upon the question whether the delegation to the National Convention should be pledged or not, and the Troy *Times* remarks, sententiously, that if Mr. Conkling wishes the delegation, he can have it. But the discussion itself makes this exceedingly positive assertion very doubtful. There is an immense body of Republicans in New York who, while gladly acknowledging the admirable abilities and faithful partisan service of Mr. Conkling, do not prefer him as a Presidential candidate. Every Republican in the State who talks with his neighbors knows that he is by no means the universal or the general choice. There are other gentlemen in the State and out of it who have very warm and urgent friends, and all these preferences will be represented in the State Convention, unless the friends of Mr. Conkling should be able to prevail in every district, and so carry the Convention. Those in the State Convention who prefer other candidates will undoubtedly be frank and resolute in the expression of their preferences. This would necessarily prevent a unanimous instruction, and an instruction to the national delegation which is not unanimous is more hurtful to a candidate than advantageous. To say that Mr. Conkling can have the delegation if he desires it, is virtually to assert that he is the sole candidate of New York Republicans, in the sense that Mr. Seward was in 1860, Mr. Lincoln in 1864, and General Grant in 1868 and 1872. And this, as every body familiar with the politics of the State knows, is not true.

There is another consideration which has been overlooked in the discussion, and that is the authority of the Convention to instruct at all. In case of a unanimous preference this, of course, is not a question which arises. But although the form of appointment of delegates to the National Convention rests with the State Convention, the actual practice is that as the national delegates represent districts, they are selected by the districts and reported to the Convention, which confirms them without debate and of course. The delegation from any district having selected its national delegate, it would be a very extraordinary act if any member of the Convention should move to substitute another person for the delegate so named. If, for instance, the delegation of the First District, which is upon Long and Staten islands, should name a national delegate from that district to Cincinnati, and a member of the Convention from Chautauqua County, having united in naming his own national delegate, should propose to correct the action of the First District, the delegation from every other district would at once resent it. The delegate to the National Convention is thus really selected by the district. He represents the wishes of that district, and is honorably bound to use his discretion in securing the nomination of the candidate who is the preference of that district.

The night before the meeting of the Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, the New York delegation met, and a motion was offered that the chairman should cast the entire vote for Mr. Seward at each call. Two members of the delegation objected, not that they were not in favor of Mr. Seward, for they united in the three votes for him, but because they declined to receive instructions from their fellow-delegates, and, as representatives of districts, reserved their discretion. The same action would doubtless be taken by many delegates this year if the State Convention should undertake to bind them to vote in the National Convention for a candidate whom they did not prefer, or when they were already instructed for another. If the delegation of any district in the State Convention should designate its national delegate and request him to support a certain candidate in the National Convention, and then the State Convention should instruct him to support another, he would probably, and properly, prefer to obey the wishes of his own district rather than those of other districts. On what good ground, under such circumstances, could the delegates of St. Lawrence and Cattaraugus assume to instruct those of Queens and Suffolk? And if the State Convention, by a majority vote, should instruct the entire delegation to vote for Mr. Conkling, for instance, in the National Convention, what would it do if a dozen district delegates should rise and say that they had been differently instructed by their own districts, which had selected them as delegates? Indeed, if a single delegate, named by his district and uninstructed by it, should decline to be bound by the instruction of the Convention, upon the ground that he did not represent the State, but the district, the Convention could do nothing.

While, therefore, there is so great a difference of opinion in regard to candidates as in New York, it would be the height of folly for the State Convention to attempt to declare its preference for any particular candidate, or to bind the delegation to act unitedly in his support. There is the further mischief in such a course that it is generally understood that the vote of the delegation shall be at the disposition of the candidate to throw for another if he should himself decide to withdraw. This is a business in which no man worthy to be a delegate will take part. If the vote of New York or of any State is to be thrown in the nominating Convention at the will of any one man, let that man be sent to the Convention, and the delegation stay at home. These considerations receive great weight from the fact that the Republican party, to carry the country with the hearty consent and aid of the most patriotic men, must show itself truly free and independent of influences which have heretofore so seriously crippled it. But those influences will struggle to secure the party control by the old and familiar methods, and to this category belongs the project of pledging the delegation to a certain candidate. The object of New York Republicans, it seems to us, should be that in the National Convention the voice of the wisest and most patriotic men of the party in the State, and not the voice of those who are known merely as politicians and managers, shall be heard. To this end the delegates to the State Convention should steadily refuse to bind themselves or to be bound to the wishes of any individual or his friends. The National Convention is to consult for the benefit of the whole country through the ascendency of the party, and it should be as untrammeled as possible.

THE SCHOOLS.

Mr. Gilmour, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, has just submitted his annual report to the Legislature, and it contains some suggestions which deserve the attention of every friend of the common-school system. The only constitutional provision in regard to the schools is this:

> "The capital of the common-school fund, the capital of the literature fund, and the capital of the United States deposit fund, shall be respectively preserved inviolate. The revenue of the said common-school fund shall be applied to the support of common schools; the revenue of the said literature fund shall be applied to the support of academies; and the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars of the revenues of the United States deposit fund shall each year be appropriated to and made part of the capital of the said common-school fund."

The annual income of the common-school fund amounts to about one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. This is the whole sum secured by the Constitution for the maintenance of the schools, while the actual sum expended for their annual support is about twelve million dollars. This large

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amount is secured mainly by legislation; and if at any time under any hostile influence the Legislature should choose to omit the necessary legislation, the twelve thousand common schools of the State would be closed. The law of 1867 provides for an annual tax of one mill and a quarter upon the equalized valuation of the real and personal estate of each county for the support of the schools, and a law of 1864 empowers the voters of school districts to raise money for teachers' wages. But these laws may at any moment be repealed. In such a community as the State of New York this is not, indeed, very probable. But as the free unsectarian common school is one of the most vital and fundamental guarantees of the public welfare, which should not be exposed to any avoidable danger or risk, we cordially approve the recommendation of the Superintendent that the State Constitution be so amended as to make the maintenance of such a system obligatory. The time to do this is when every body agrees that it ought to be done, and there should be no opposition to the amendment already introduced in the Legislature.

The Superintendent also alludes at some length to the law of 1875, which provides that the State certificates of the competency of teachers should be issued by the Superintendent only upon examination. This is the law that Governor TILDEN mentions in his message as repealing the "Gray Nuns Act," which gave privileges to one corporation in the State not granted to any other of the same kind. This was a special act, and although it is claimed that it was repealed by the later law, Mr. GILMOUR recommends that it be specially stricken from the statute-book, and Senator BOOTH promptly reported the bill offered for that purpose. But the Rev. Dr. CROOKS has pointed out something to which our attention had been already called. It is that the original act of incorporation of the Gray Nuns Seminary —of which the law of last year, which has been so universally condemned, is a mere amendment — bestowed enormous special privileges of another kind. As Dr. CROOKS truly says, Governor TILDEN may state that the amendment has been abrogated by the act of 1875, but the original act remains, with all its special grants, and that fact Governor TILDEN does not mention. The original Gray Nuns Act authorizes them to establish their buildings any where in the State, under no restriction, and to accumulate unlimited real estate. But if other religious schools are incorporated, they are restricted to place and income. This is a signal and characteristic illustration of the suffering and martyrdom to which Cardinal M'CLOSKEY intimated in a recent speech that his Church is exposed to in this country; the truth being, as the passage of the original Gray Nuns Act in 1871, and of the amendment last spring, by unanimous legislative consent, illustrates, that politicians of every party are constantly anxious to propitiate the Catholic vote, and show a partiality to the Roman Church which, were it shown to any other sect, every party newspaper in the country would most vigorously denounce.

The Rochester *Democrat*, in a late article, observes, in speaking of the Roman Church as if it were in some way oppressed:

> "As a Church her rights are just as sacred as those of any other denomination. Her right to development can not be fettered. She is and must be as free to erect her altars and to attract worshipers to her shrines as the Church which was founded on Plymouth Rock, or that which was consolidated by Archbishop LAUD."

Has this right ever been questioned? Was there ever, or is there now, any hostile feeling whatever toward the Roman ecclesiastics, except as they have made insidious war upon the most cherished American institutions? Does the *Democrat* know any religious sect which has been more uniformly favored than that of Rome, or any religious body which every interest is more careful not to offend? On the other hand, has the Roman Church, in any country where it had any considerable power, ever been remarkable for its respect of the rights of others, or of religious or political liberty? Let the ecclesiastical power of that Church abandon its aggressive attitude toward the common schools and renounce political projects, and it will be regarded with no more suspicion than the Baptist, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, or any other denomination. At the close of the very speech in which he states that his Church is persecuted in this country, Cardinal M'CLOSKEY exhorts his hearers to stand "firm to the principle of securing Catholic education for Catholic children," implying that somebody is opposing it. But who objects that Catholic children should have Catholic education? Certainly no State, or county, or city, or church, or sect, or community in this country. Nobody any where or under any pretense objects to the proposition for which the cardinal begs his followers to stand firm. But what honest, patriotic American citizens do object to, and mean resolutely to withstand, is giving Catholic education to Catholic children *at the public expense*. That is what the cardinal and his hierarchy desire, or else the dissolution of the present unsectarian common-school system. The Catholic persecution consists in not being allowed to have their own way with the public schools, and in such acts as that incorporating the Gray Nuns, and in the vast gifts of money that the Roman Church has received in this and other States. It seems to us rather superfluous to say of such a body that its rights are as sacred as those of any other denomination.

THE LATE INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY CONTEST.

ALTHOUGH Harvard, Yale, and Columbia take no part in the intercollegiate contest of study, it can not be said that it is because the effort is unworthy the attention of the best students. The examinations of candidates in Greek and mathematics is not a matter of favor, nor is it one which, under such examiners as those of the recent competition, is likely to be superficial. Indeed, one of the good results of the contest was the discovery, announced by the examiners in mathematics, that the examination showed the methods of instruction pursued in the competing colleges to be antiquated and obsolete. This is a fact that would scarcely have been ascertained without such a competition. Certainly it would not have been so widely and authoritatively published as by the report of the intercollegiate contest in mathematics, signed by Professor SIMON NEWCOMB, Admiral DAVIS, and P. S. MICHIE. The Greek examiners, Messrs. T. W. CHAMBERS, CHARLTON T. LEWIS, and WILLIAM R. DIMMOCK, reported that their examination showed faithful study upon the part of the contestants, and that, with time and a fair stimulus of prizes, our colleges would produce the most creditable Grecians. In such examinations, assuming the capacity and the fairness of the judges, of which in the late contest there could be no question, there is no chance of shirking, and the award is made strictly upon proved merit. The public prestige is an incentive to application and study, like that of the fellowship or the special honor in the English universities, and the kind of objection that is urged against the competition in oratory can not be alleged against that in hard study and actual, measurable acquirement of knowledge. If it shall be found, as now appears probable, that the contest offers a higher stimulus than that of the ordinary college course, it will be a real service.

It will not have escaped attention that both the muscular and mental honors of the last year were borne off by one of the youngest universities in the country, and one which, for many reasons, has been the subject of harsh, and even of jealous and illicit criticism. The award of the national land fund to the Cornell University and the unsectarian provisions of its charter have not fostered a fraternal feeling for it in the breasts of other institutions. But its accumulated honors of this year have been by common consent honorably and legitimately won. On the day before the Saratoga regatta last July a Harvard rowing man of great knowledge and sagacity, after carefully watching the crews, their methods and their performance, said, ruefully but unhesitatingly, "Cornell is going to beat us all." It did not win by any chance or good luck, but with perfect and acknowledged fairness. This was true in the recent literary competition, in which Cornell carried off the first honor in Greek, the first in mathematics, a first prize in essay writing, and the second in oratory. This is a remarkable and most creditable result for the university. And it is the more so because Cornell is not exclusively nor even especially given to classical or rhetorical studies. Should the contest hereafter extend so as to include competitions in chemistry, organic and inorganic, the calculus, physics, civil and mechanical engineering, German, French, Spanish, or Italian literature, general literature, and constitutional history—studies which, as we know, are pursued with great thoroughness at Cornell—there can be little doubt that it would add to its honorable list of first prizes, and assert the excellence and variety of its course of study still more plainly. We remember seeing last year the remark that President WHITE had done more to injure advanced education than any man in the country. He did not answer. But this year his boys seem to have answered for him.

And his girls. We spoke last June of the opening of the Sage College for the female students at Cornell; and it is Mrs. IRVIN, late Miss THOMAS, of Cornell, who bore away the first prize in Greek in the late competition. The committee state in their report that their purpose was to make "a reasonable but not severe demand" upon the competitors. But we venture to believe that had they applied a higher test of linguistic philological and textual criticism, "the female mind" would not have shrunk from the trial. For all the colleges engaged, and for all who ask simply and only fair play for women by providing them the absolute equality of opportunity which men enjoy, the result of the late intercollegiate contest was peculiarly gratifying and encouraging.

"DANIEL DERONDA."

THIS is the title of the new story by George Eliot, of which the first part will be published in *Harper's Magazine* for February, and which will command even a more general and popular interest than *Middlemarch*, the most remarkable of recent novels. *Daniel Deronda* is a tale of to-day, or of life within the last dozen years. The spell is laid upon the reader with the opening chapters in the succession of vivid scenes and clearly cut characters. There is no throng or confusion of persons, and each is drawn with that incisive skill and individuality, without eccentricity or extravagance, which show the master-hand. The movement is decidedly swifter and more positive than in *Middlemarch*, and the shrewd perception, the witty comment, the intellectual richness of resource, which characterize the author are constantly and delightfully evident. The literary art of the book is such as the reader, familiar with George Eliot's tales, would expect. Her command of expression of the finest and most various shades of thought and feeling is unsurpassed. There is no waste, no padding; and a few felicitous strokes, as in the cartoons of the great painters, perfectly define her meaning.

The stories of George Eliot have been sometimes supposed to appeal rather to the thoughtful few than to the general public and the great world of novel-readers. But the sale of her works shows this supposition to be ill founded. *Middlemarch*, her last story, sold very much more largely than any other novel lately published in the country, and was read by every body. In *Daniel Deronda* that great world of readers will find the love-story which it demands, told with resistless fascination. The heroine is a character which only the highest and most subtle skill could faithfully portray, and she is depicted so truly that the reader is conscious of being affected by her in the narration precisely as he would be in actual life and experience. And here, as he will perceive, lies "the moral," upon which so many a man and woman insists in every work of art. A great writer, a great artist of any kind, is not very anxious about pointing a moral in his work. Indeed, works of art in any kind are great only as they conform to what SHAKESPEARE calls "nature;" and as nature in this sense is every where and always moral, the more perfectly it is reproduced—that is, the greater the work is—the more moral. But those who require a palpable moral will not ask it in vain of *Daniel Deronda*, as they do not of *Othello* or *Macbeth*. The first part, which is an eighth of the story, brings the heroine into full prominence, and discloses some of the influences that are to affect the movement and the climax, but the final direction and details of the movement are, of course, not yet revealed.

It is pleasant to see how fully conscious George Eliot is of the responsibility laid upon her by her great fame. There is no trace of presumption or carelessness in her work; she is loyally faithful to her talent and her power. She stands to-day incontestably at the head of the story-tellers of any country, and that is a position of immense and unequaled influence. The "female mind" seems to need no defense or vindication while George Eliot continues to write, and instructs and charms the world.

PERSONAL.

How pleasant to be "represented" in any prominent organization by one who is regarded by "all sorts and conditions of men" as a scholar and gentleman! Such is the man (and editor) who occupies the honorable position of president of the Centennial Commission, General JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, of Connecticut. In the war he was a gallant and successful soldier. Since then, descending from the editorial chair, he has honored and served Connecticut as Governor and member of Congress, and had a narrow escape from being elected to the United States Senate. That position is pretty sure to come to him hereafter. Our contemporary of the *Graphic* says, with entire truth: "His personal reputation is very high, and his name as stainless as that of the knightly BAYARD. He is certainly the most prominent man in the State for the United States Senate—a position in which he would serve Connecticut as WILSON served Massachusetts. Both as writer and speaker he is ready, accurate, earnest, and fervent. He believes in 'the gentleman in politics,' and has an idea that righteousness is the highest expediency. Courteous and conciliatory, he yet allows no minor interest to conceal the ends of justice. His management of the Centennial enterprise has been marked by enthusiasm and discretion, and to him is largely due its assured success. He is admirably fitted for any executive trust by a wide knowledge of affairs, strong business talent, inflexible decision, independence of party dictation, and a dominance of moral purpose inherited from those Puritan ancestors who emigrated to the Old North State."

—The New York correspondent of the London *Academy* makes the following appreciative mention of the author of "Betsey and I are Out:" "Among the youngest and most popular of our poets—I must say poets for the want of a better name—is WILL CARLETON, a young Westerner. The best known of Mr. CARLETON's poems is 'Betsey and I are Out,' which has been read in public by CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN and other readers, and the authorship of which is disputed by a lady up in New England. As it is exactly in Mr. CARLETON's vein, and not at all like any thing she has since written—and I do not think that she ever wrote any thing before—her claim is not very substantial. Mr. CARLETON's writings consist of farm ballads. His first book, *Farm Ballads*, reached a sale of fifty thousand copies in a very short time, and his second book, *Farm Legends*, although it has been published but a few weeks, has already sold a large edition. Mr. CARLETON's style can hardly be called literary. He has a certain grace that comes from earnestness, and he tells plain, homely stories that are the every-day experience of the people among whom he lives. While he will never rank very high as a poet, he will command a large audience so long as he confines himself to the pictures of farm life in the West, which he paints in rough but honest colors."

—The newspaper men of the country are quite gratified at the report that DONN PIATT, of the Washington *Capital*, is among the heirs of the late TIMOTHY KIRBY, of Cincinnati, who has left some $3,000,000.

—General J. MEREDITH READ, United States minister to Greece, is engaged upon a history of that country, which will occupy him for four or five years, and will be the fullest and most complete history of Greece ever published.

—Mr. MOTLEY, the historian, has been elected foreign associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science.

—The bronze statue of NAPOLEON I., in the costume of a Roman emperor, has been successfully raised to the top of the restored Vendôme Column.

—President GRANT having been reported as mentioning Trinity Church, New York, as having enormous wealth *not* subject to taxation, General JOHN A. DIX, comptroller of the corporation, addressed a letter to the President, in which he states the following interesting facts in reference to its property: "It consists of church edifices, cemeteries, school-houses, an infirmary, a rectory, and several hundred city lots of ground, which, with the exception of a few used for parochial purposes, are leased partly for short and partly for long periods. On the short leases the corporation pays the taxes; on the long leases the taxes are paid by the lessees. In September last I paid, as comptroller of the corporation, on the former, $46,943 41, and we estimate the amount paid on the latter $60,000, making over $100,000 paid to the city this year for taxes, besides a considerable sum for assessments. We pay taxes on every foot of ground used for secular purposes."

—The Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D.D., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, recently delivered an address before the annual Convention of the Massachusetts Teachers, in which he set forth the importance of popular education in its relations to our form of government, and dwelt with special emphasis upon the necessity of "the study of the great principles of moral law and the study of American history, or the fundamental facts of finance and the relations between labor and capital." One cause of the neglect of this important, not to say essential, branch of popular education has been the want of a suitable text-book, embracing in a small compass a clear, simple, and accurate exposition of the principles underlying our form of government, the duties of the citizen to the state, etc. This want has been admirably supplied, at a time when it was most felt, by HARPER's school edition of CHARLES NORDHOFF's *Politics for Young Americans*, in which the whole subject is treated in a manner which commends the volume to young and old. An intelligent child of ten years can understand it readily, and readers of mature age will find it the best hand-book of politics ever given to the public.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN attempt was made in the House of Representatives, January 17, to resurrect the Amnesty Bill, but it failed. Mr. White, of Kentucky, moved to suspend the rules and vote on a bill excluding Jefferson Davis, and also on an amendment striking out that exception. The vote on the motion being 165 to 110, or less than the required two-thirds, the measure was defeated.—On the same day Mr. Holman, of Indiana, introduced a resolution declaring arbitrary measures to resume specie payment unwise and impracticable, and instructing the Finance Committee to report a bill, speedily, repealing the Specie Resumption Act. This motion also failed of the required two-thirds vote.—January 20, the Senate repealed the twenty-second joint rule in regard to counting the vote for President and Vice-President.—On the 21st, eulogies on the late Vice-President Wilson were delivered in both Houses.

Three new United States Senators were chosen during the week: James B. Beck (Democrat), Kentucky; S. J. Kirkwood (Republican), Iowa; and L. Q. C. Lamar (Democrat), Mississippi.

General Beauregard has applied to Congress for the removal of his political disabilities.

The Gray Nuns Act of 1875 was repealed by the New York State Assembly January 21. Only four members voted against the repeal, viz., Galvin, Killian, Muller, and Slevin, Democrats.

John F. Hartranft was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania January 18.

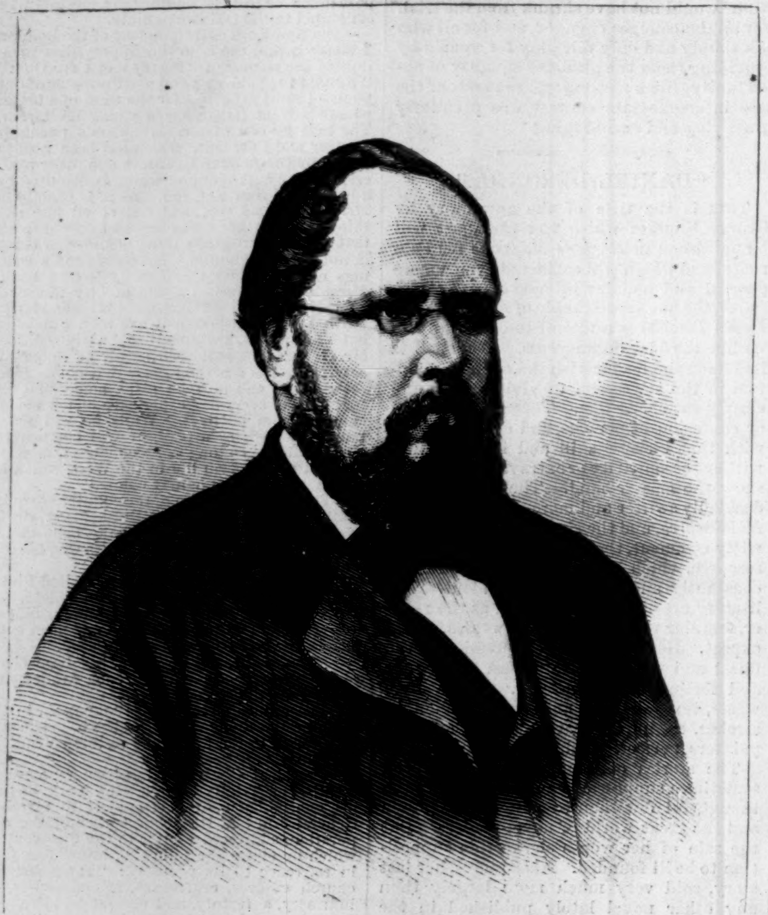
The Republicans of Texas in State Convention, January 12, nominated Judge William Chambers for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

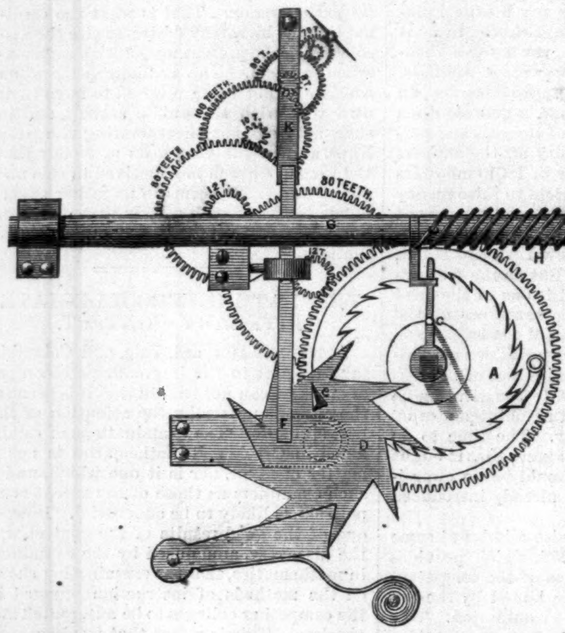
THE French military commander at Marseilles, January 18, prohibited a political banquet that was to be given in that city to M. Gambetta, on the ground that it would cause a public disturbance.

Six Turkish battalions were routed between Ragusa and Trebigne, January 18, by the insurgents under General Peko, losing 300 killed and many wounded. The insurgent loss was only thirty killed, but a large number were wounded.

The Spanish archbishops and bishops have signed a petition to the king in favor of religious unity. Pastorals have been issued by the bishops of Catalonia, Saragossa, and Burgos advising the people to vote in the coming elections only for candidates who support unity.



WILLIAM THOMASSEN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THOMASSEN'S INFERNAL MACHINE.

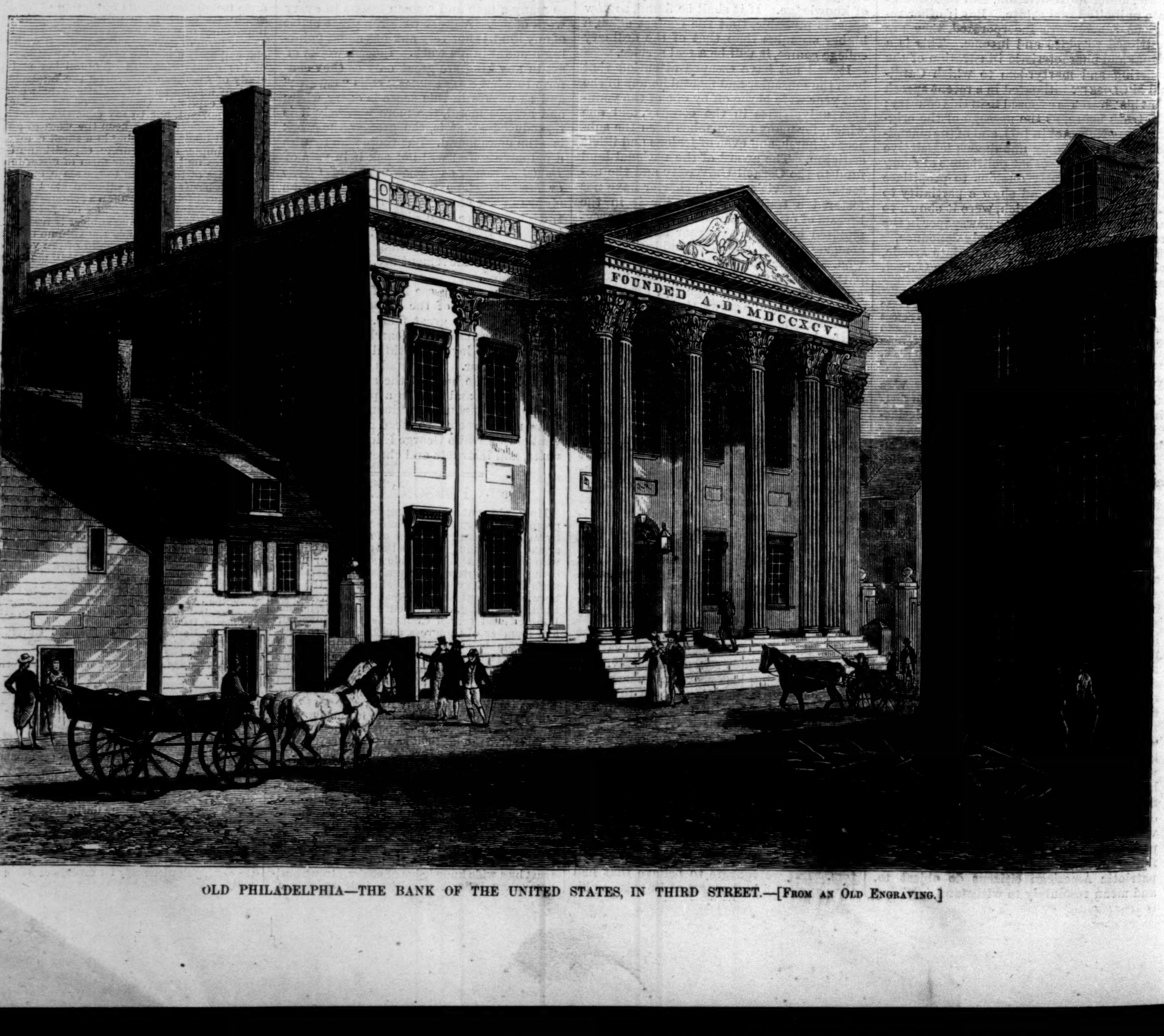
THE DYNAMITE MACHINE.

IN connection with the portrait of WILLIAM THOMASSEN, the miscreant who plotted the destruction of the steam-ship *Mosel*, we give a plan of the infernal machine with which this fearful crime was to be accomplished. It appears that THOMASSEN went to a watch-maker in Vienna named RIND, and ordered him to make a clock-work machine by which he could sever one thousand threads at one stroke, indicating that it was for a cotton-spinning apparatus. In the cylinder A was placed a spring, which THOMASSEN ordered to be made as strong as possible. This spring, when wound up, causes the cog-wheels, set for a certain number of days, to rotate. Slowly and surely this terrible piece of mechanism creeps forward, till one day the wheel D is set in motion, and the projecting stud E presses against the steel band F, which, being fixed in the bar G, presses it backward, and draws out the coiled spring H to its utmost tension. As the wheel D revolves, the stud E releases the band F, and with it the bar G. The spring H then leaps into action with intense energy, and shoots the point of the needle J with lightning-like velocity into the dynamite, which thereupon explodes.

It was at first supposed that THOMASSEN had no confederates in his awful plot against human life; but the investigations set on foot by the German police, and the disclosures made by correspondents of foreign journals, make it too clear that he must have worked with others, and that the destruction of sailing vessels and steam-ships by means of infernal machines has been carried on for years. How many mysterious disappearances like that of the *City of Boston* may be attributed to this cause will probably remain a matter of conjecture; but there seems to be no room for doubt that the plan which, but for the premature explosion, might have accomplished the destruction of the *Mosel* has been successfully attempted in other instances.

OLD PHILADELPHIA.

ON this page we give a view of what is now known as the Girard National Bank, in Third Street, Philadelphia, copied from an engraving made in 1800. The building, as shown by the inscription, was commenced in 1795. It was completed in 1798, and was occupied by the first Bank of the United States. In 1812 STEPHEN GIRARD purchased the building, together with a large part of the bank stock, and commenced business as a private banker. He was active in securing the charter of the second United States Bank, memorable in the annals of President JACKSON'S administration. The building itself presents much the same appearance as when it was first erected; but the surroundings have marvelously changed with the growth of the city in population and wealth. If the sedate old farmer in the engraving, who has driven in from the country with his sleepy-looking team and clumsy wagon, could be set down there alive to-day, he would be more bewildered than Rip Van Winkle was on going into his native village after his little nap of twenty years in the Catskills.


FOUNDED A.D. MDCCXCV.

OLD PHILADELPHIA—THE BANK OF THE UNITED STATES, IN THIRD STREET.—[FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.]

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

KNOCKER *VERSUS* BELL-PULL.

THERE is, or was, a street in Oxford, near the ruins of the ancient castle, and behind the new county jail, where one of the many offsets of the Isis filters its artificial way beneath low arches and betwixt dead-walls; and this street (partly destroyed since then) was known to the elder generation by the name of "Cross-Duck Lane." Of course what remains of it now exults in an infinitely grander title, though smelling thereby no sweeter. With that we have nothing to do; the street was "Cross-Duck Lane" in our time.

Here, in a highly respectable house, a truly respectable man was living, with his business and his family. "Luke Sharp, gentleman," was his name, description, style, and title; and he was not by any means a bad man, so as to be an Attorney.

This man possessed a great deal of influence, having much house property; and he never in the least disguised his sentiments, or played fast and loose with them. Being of a commanding figure, and fine, straightforward aspect, he left an impression wherever he went of honesty, vigor, and manliness. And he went into very good society, as often as he cared to do so; for although not a native of Oxford, but of unknown (though clearly large) origin, he now was the head, and indeed the entirety, of a long-established legal firm. He had married the daughter of the senior partner, and bought or ousted away the rest; and although the legend on his plate was still "Piper, Pepper, Sharp, and Co.," every one knew that the learning, wealth, and honor of the whole concern were now embodied in Mr. Luke Sharp. Such a man was under no necessity ever to blow his own trumpet.

His wife, a fat and goodly person, Dorothy Piper of former days, happened to be the first cousin and nearest relative of a famous man—"Portwine Fermitage" himself; and his death had affected her very sadly. For she found that he had provided for himself a most precarious future, by unjust disposal of his worldly goods, which he could not come back to rectify. To his godson, her only child and her idol, Christopher Fermitage Sharp, he had left a copy of Dr. Doddridge's *Expositor*, and nothing else. A golden work, no doubt—but still golden precepts fill no purse, but rather tend to empty it. Mrs. Luke Sharp, though a very good Christian, repacked and sent back the *Expositor*.

If Mr. Sharp had been at home, he would not have let her do so. He was full at all times of large, generous impulse, but never yet guilty of impulsive acts. It had always been said that his son was to have the bottled half pipe of gold, or the chief body of it, after the widow's life interest. Whereas now Mrs. Fermitage, if she liked, might roll all the bottles down the High Street. She, however, was a careful woman; and it was manifest where the whole of this Côte d'Or vintage would be binned away—to wit, in the cellars of Beckley Barton, with the key at Grace Oglander's very pretty waist. Mr. Sharp at the moment could descry no cure; but still to show temper was a vulgar thing.

Now upon the New-Year's Day of 1838, the bitter weather continuing still, and doing its best to grow more bitter, Mr. Sharp, being of a festive turn, had closed his office early. The demand for universal closing and perpetual holiday had not yet risen to its present height, and the clerks, though familiar with the kindness of their principal, scarcely expected such a premature relief. But this only added to the satisfaction with which they went home to their New-Year dinners.

But Mr. Sharp, though of early habits, and hungry at proper seasons, was not preparing for his dinner now. He had ordered his turkey to be kept back, and begged his wife to see to it until he could make out and settle the import of a letter which reached him about one o'clock. It had been delivered by a groom on horseback, who had suffered some inward struggle before he had stooped to ring the Attorney's bell. For "Cross-Duck House," though a comfortable place, was not of an aristocratic cast. The letter was short, and expounded little.

"SIR,—I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you at four o'clock this afternoon, upon some important business.

"Obediently yours, RUSSEL OVERSHUTE."

It is not altogether an agreeable thing, even for a man with the finest conscience, such as Mr. Sharp was blessed with, to receive a challenge upon an unknown point, curtly worded in this wise. And the pleasure does not increase when the strong correspondent is partly suspected of holding unfavorable views toward one, and the gaze of self-inspection needs a little more time to compose itself. Luke Sharp had led an unblemished life since the follies of his youth subsided; he subscribed to inevitable charities; and he waited for his rents, when sure of them. Still, he did not like that letter.

Now he took off the coat which he wore at his desk, and his waistcoat of the morning, and washed his nice white hands, and clothed himself in expensive dignity. Then he opened his book of daily entries, and folded blotting-paper, and prepared to receive instructions, or give advice, or be wise abstractedly. But he thought it a sound precaution to have his son Christopher within earshot; for young Overshute was reputed to be of a rather excitable nature; therefore Kit Sharp was commanded to finish the cleaning of his gun—which was his chief delight—in his father's closet adjoining the office, and to keep the door shut, unless called for.

The lawyer was not kept waiting long. As the clock of St. Thomas struck four, the shoes of a horse rang sharply on the icy road, and the office bell kicked up its tongue with a jerk showing great extramural energy. "Let him ring again," said Mr. Sharp; "I defy him to ring much harder."

The defiance was soon proved to be unsound; for in less than ten seconds the bell, which had stood many years of strong emotion, was visited with such a violent spasm that nothing short of the melting-pot restored its constitution. A piece clinked on the passage floor, and the lawyer was filled with unfeigned wrath. That bell had been ringing for three generations, and was the Palladium of the firm.

"What clumsy clod-hopper," cried Mr. Sharp, rushing out as if he saw nobody—"what beggarly bumpkin has broken my bell? Mr. Overshute—oh! I beg pardon, I am sure."

"We must make allowance," said Russel, calmly, "for fidgety animals, Mr. Sharp, and for thick gloves in this frosty weather. John, take my horse on the Seven-bridges road, and be back in exactly fifteen minutes. How kind of you to be at home, Mr. Sharp!"

With the words the young man bestowed on the lawyer a short sharp glance, which entirely failed to penetrate the latter.

"Shut out this cold wind, for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, as he shut in his visitor. "You young folk never seem to feel the cold. But you carry it a little too far sometimes. Ah, I must have been about your age when we had such another hard winter as this, four-and-twenty years ago. Scarcely so bitter, but a deal more snow; snow, snow, six feet every where. I was six-and-twenty then—about your age, I take it, Sir."

"My age to a tittle," said Overshute; "but I am generally taken for thirty-two. How can you have guessed it so?"

"Early thought, Sir, juvenile thought, and advanced intelligence, make young people look far in front of their age. When you come to my time of life, young Sir, your thoughts and your looks will be younger. Now take this chair. Never mind your boots; let them hiss as they will on the fender. I like to hear it—a genial sound—a touch of emery paper in the morning, and there we are, ready for other boots. I have had men here, come fifty miles across country, as the crow flies, to see me, when the floods were out; and go away with minds comforted."

"I have heard of your skill in all legal points. But I am not come on that account. Quibbles and shuffles I detest."

"Well, Mr. Overshute, I have met with a good deal of rudeness in my early days; before I was known, as I am now. It was worth my while to disarm it then. It is not so now, in your case. You belong to a very good county family; and although you are committed to inferior hands, if you had come in a friendly spirit, I would have been glad to serve you. As it is, I can only request you to say what your purpose is, and to settle it."

Russel Overshute, with his large and powerful eyes, gazed straight at Sharp; and Mr. Sharp, who had steely eyes—the best of all for getting on with—not very large, but as keen as need be, therewith answered complacently, and as if he saw hope of amusement.

"You puzzle me, Sharp," said Overshute—about the worst thing he could have said; and he knew it before the words had passed.

"I am called, for the most part, 'Mister Sharp,' except by gentlemen of my own age, or friends who entirely trust me. Mr. Russel Overshute, explain how I have puzzled you."

"Never mind that. You would never understand. Have you any idea what has brought me here?"

"Yes, to be plain with you, I have. One of your least, but very oldest, tenants has been caught out in poaching. You hate the game-laws; you are a radical, ranter, and reformer. You know that your lawyer is good and active, but too well known as a liberal. It requires a man of settled principles to contest with the game-laws."

"You could not be more wide astray!" cried young Overshute, triumphantly, taking in every word the other had said, as a piece of his victory. "No, no, thank Goodness, we are not come so low that we can not get off our tenants, in spite of any evidence; you must indeed think that our family is quite reduced to the dirt, if we can no longer do even that much."

"Not at all, Sir. You are much too hot. I only supposed for the moment that your principles might have stopped you."

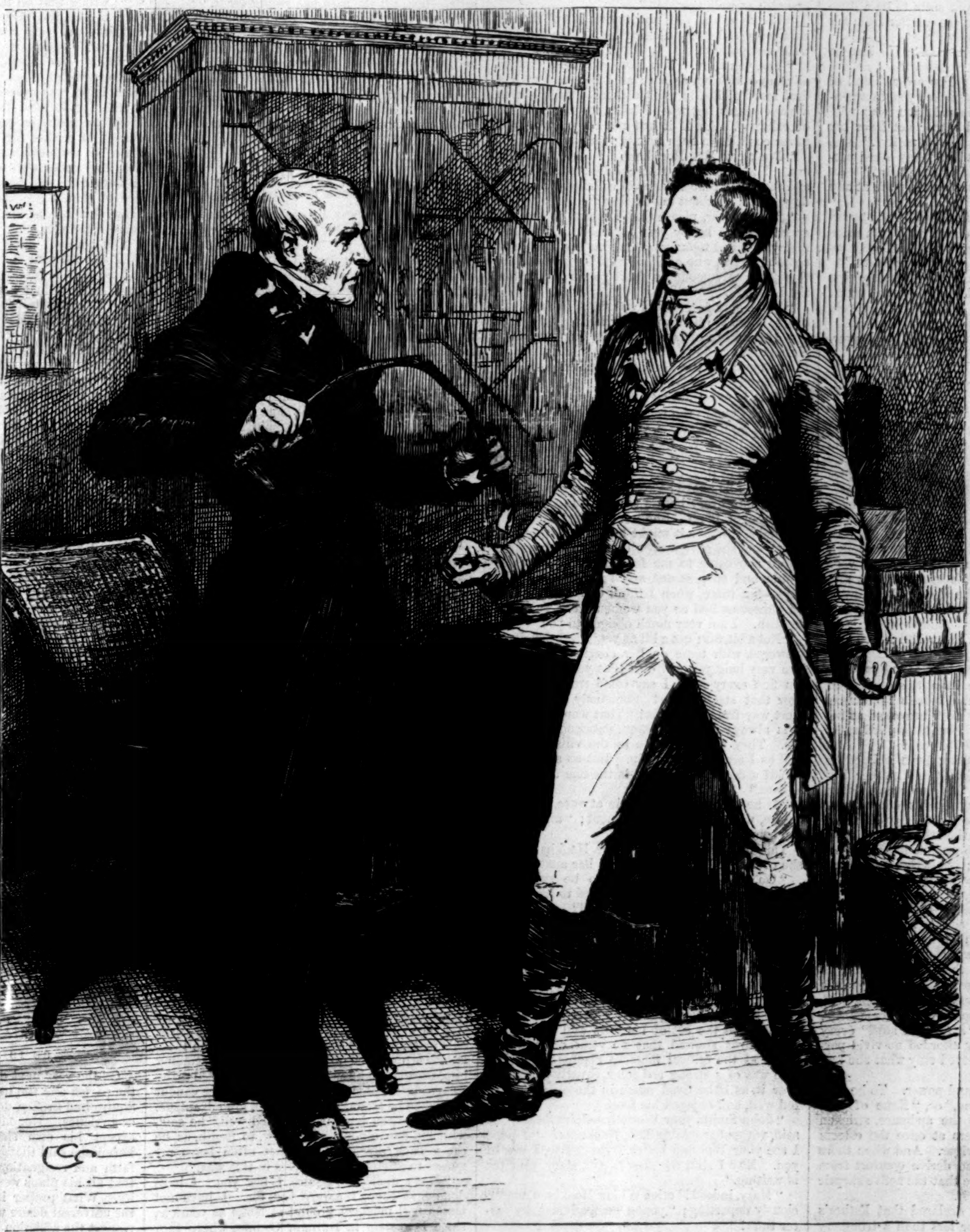
"Oh dear no! My mother could not take it at all, in that way. Now where have you put Grace Oglander?"

Impetuous Russel, with his nostrils quivering, and his eyes fixed on the lawyer's, and his right hand clinching his heavy whip, purposely fired his question thus, like a thunder-bolt out of pure heaven. He felt sure of producing a grand effect; and so he did, but not the right one.

"You threaten me, do you?" said Mr. Sharp. "I think that you make a mistake, young man. Violence is objectionable in every way, though natural with fools, who believe they are the stronger. I am sorry to have spoiled your whip; but you will acknowledge that the fault was yours. Now I am ready for reason—if you are."

With a grave bow Luke Sharp offered Russel the fragments of his pet hunting-crop, which he had caught from his hand and snapped like a stick of peppermint, as he spoke. Overshute thought himself a fine, strong fellow, and with very good reason; but the quickness of his antagonist left him gasping.

"I want no apologies," Mr. Sharp continued, going to his desk; while the young man looked



"YOU THREATEN ME, DO YOU?"

sadly at his brazen-knockered butt, for he had been at that admirable college, and cherished his chief reminiscence of it thus; "apologies are always waste of time. You have threatened me, and you have found your mistake. Such a formidable antagonist makes one's hand shake. Still, I think that I can hit my key-hole."

"You can always make your keys fit, I dare say. But you never could do that to me again."

"Very likely not. I shall never care to try it. Physical force is always low. But, as a gentleman, you must own that you first offered violence."

"Mr. Sharp, I confess that I did. Not in word, or deed; but still my manner fairly imported it. And the first respect I ever felt for you I feel now, for your quickness and pluck."

"I am pleased with any respect from you, because you have little for any thing. Now repeat your question moderately."

"Where have you put Grace Oglander?"

"Let me offer you a chair again. Striding about with frozen feet is almost the worst thing a man can do. However, you seem to be a little excited. Have you brought me a letter from my client to authorize this inquiry?"

"From Mr. Oglander? Oh no! He has no idea of my being here."

"We will get over that. You are a friend of his, and a neighbor. He has asked you, in a general way, to help him in this sad great trouble."

"Not at all. He would rather not have my interference. He does not like its motive."

"And the motive is, that like many other people, you were attached to this young lady?"

"Certainly I am. I would give my life at any moment for her."

"Well, well; I will not speak quite so strongly as you do. Life grows dearer as it gets more short. But still I would give my best year remaining to get to the bottom of this problem."

"You would?" cried young Overshute, looking at him with admiration of his strength and truth. "Give me your hand, Sir. I have wronged you. I see that I am but a hasty fool."

"You should never own that," said the lawyer.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. JOHN SMITH.

Meanwhile all Beckley and villages around were seething with a ferment of excitement and contradiction. Esther Cripps had been strictly ordered by the authorities to hold her tongue; and so far as in her lay she did so. But there were others—the Squire's three men, and even the carrier himself, who had so many things to think, that they were pretty sure to say some of them. One or two of them had wives; and though these women could not be called by their very worst friends "inquisitive," it was not right and lawful that they should be debarred of every thing. They did all they could not to know any more than they were really bound to know; and whatever was forced upon them had no chance of going any further.

This made several women look at one another slyly, each knowing more than the other, and nodding while sounding the other's ignorance. Until with one accord they grew provoked at being treated so; and truth being multiplied to its cube became, of course, infinite error.

Now Mrs. Fermitage having been obliged to return to Cowley, Mary Hookham's mother had established her power by this time; and being, as her daughter had pronounced, a conspicuous member of the females, she exerted herself about all that was said, and saw the other side of every thing. She never went to no public-house—nobody could say that of her; but perhaps she could put two and two together every bit as well as those that did. It had been her fortune to acquire exceptional experience—or, as she put it more plainly, "she had a seed a many things;" and the impressions left thereby upon her idiosyncrasy, or, in her own words, "what she come to think," was and were that nothing could be true that she had not known the like of. This was the secret of her success in life—which, however, as yet bore no proportion to her merits. She frankly scouted as "a pack of stuff" every thing to which her history afforded no vivid parallel. In a word, she believed only what she had seen.

Now incredulity is a grand power. To be able to say, "Oh, don't tell me," or, "None of your stuff!" when the rest of the audience, stricken with awe, is gaping, confers at once the esteem of superior intellect and vigor. And when there are good high people who derive comfort from the denial, the chances are that the active skeptic does not get the worst of it.

Mrs. Hookham plainly declared that Esther's tale was neither more nor less than a trumpery cock-and-bull story. She would not call it a parcel of lies, because the poor girl might have dreamed it. Walking in the snow was no more than walking in one's sleep; she knew that from her own experience; and if there had been no snow as yet, that made her all the more sure to be right; the air was full of it, and, of course, it would have more power overhead. Depend upon it, she had seen a bush, if indeed she did see any thing, and being so dazed by the weather, she had gone and dreamed the rest of it.

Beckley, on the other hand, having known Esther ever since she toddled out of her cradle, and knowing her brothers, the carrier, the baker, and the butcher, and having no experience yet of Mother Hookham's wisdom, as good as told the latter lady not to be "so bounceable." She must not come into this parish, and pretend to know more about things that belonged to it than those who were bred and born there.

But Mrs. Hookham's opinion was in one way, very important, however little weight it carried at the Dusty Anvil. Mr. Oglander himself had to depend for his food entirely on Mrs. Hookham's efforts; for Betty, the cook, went purely off her head, after all she had gone through; and they put her in bed with a little barley-water and much malt liquor in a nobler form. And though Mrs. Hookham at her time of life was reluctant so to demean herself, she found all the rest such a "Noah's compass," that she roused up the fires of departed youth, and flourished with the basting-ladle. A clever, well-conditioned dame, with a will of her own, is somebody.

"Now, Sir," she cried, rushing in to the Squire with a basin of first-rate ox-tail soup, upon that melancholy New-Year's Day, "you have been out in the snow again! No use denying of it, Sir; I can see it by the chattering of your teeth. I call it a bad, wicked thing to go on so. Flying in the face of the Lord, like that!"

"You are a most kind and good soul, Mrs. Hookham. But surely you would not have me sit with my hands crossed, doing nothing?"

"No, no; surely not. Take the spoon in one hand, and the basin in the other. You owe it to yourself to keep up your strength, and to some one else as well, good Sir."

"I have no one else now to owe it to," the old man answered, sadly tucking his napkin into his waistcoat pockets.

"Yes, you have. You have your Miss Gracie, alive and kicking, as sure as I be; and with a deal more of life in front of her; though scarce a week passes but what I takes my regular dose of calumny. Ah, if it had not been for that, I never could have been twenty year a widow."

"Don't cry, Mrs. Hookham. I beg you not to cry. You have many good children to look after; and there still is abundance of calomel. But why do you talk so about my darling?"

"Because, Sir, please God, I means to see you spend many a happy year together. Lord have mercy, if I had took for granted every trouble as come upon me, who could a' tried for to cheat me this day? My goodness, don't go for to swallow the bones, Sir!"

"To be sure not. No, I was not thinking. Of course there are bones in every tail."

"And a heap of bones in them Crippses' tale, Sir, as won't go down with me nohow. Have faith in the mercy of the Lord, Sir; and in your own experience."

"That is exactly what I try to do. There can not be any one in the world so bad as to hurt my Gracie. Mrs. Hookham, you never can have seen any body like her. She was so full of life and kindness, that every body who knew her seemed to have her in their own family. She never made pretense to be above herself, or any one; and she entered into every body's trouble quite as if she had brought it on. She never asked them any questions, whether it might have been their own fault; and she gave away all her own money first, before she came to me for more. She was so simple, and so pleasant, and so full of playful ways—but there, when I think of that, it makes me almost as bad as you women are. Take out the dish. I am very much obliged to you."

"Not a bit, Sir; not a bit as yet," the brisk dame answered, with tears on her cheeks. "But before very long you will own that you was; when you find every word I say come true. Oh my! How that startled me! Somebody coming the short way from the fields! That wonderful man as is always prowling about, unbeknown to any one. They don't like me in the village much, civil as I am to all of them. But as sure as six is half a dozen, that Smith is the one they ought to hate."

"If he is there, show him in at once," said the Squire, without further argument; "and let no one come interrupting us."

This was very hard upon Mrs. Hookham; and she could not help showing it in her answer.

"Oh, to be sure, Sir! Oh, to be sure not! What is my poor opinion, compared to his? Ah, well, it is a fine thing to be a man!"

The man for whose sake she was thus cast out seemed to be of the same opinion. He walked and looked and spoke as if it was indeed a fine thing to be a man; but the finest of all things to be the man inside his own cloth and leather. Short and thick of form he was, and likely to be at close quarters a dangerous antagonist. And the set of his jaws and the glance of his eyes showed that no want of manhood would at the critical moment disable him. His face was of a strong red color, equally spread all over it, as if he lived much in the open air, and fed well, and enjoyed his food.

"John Smith, your Worship—John Smith," he said, without troubling Mrs. Hookham. "I hope I see your Worship better. Don't rise, I beg of you. May I shut the door? Oh, Mary, your tea is waiting."

"Mary, indeed!" cried Widow Hookham, ungraciously departing; "young man, address my darter thus!"

"Now what have you done, Smith—what have you done?" the old gentleman asked, stooping over him. "Or have you done nothing at all, as usual? You tell me to have patience every day, and every day I have less and less."

"The elements are against us, Sir. If the weather had been any thing but what it is, I must have known every thing long ago. Stop, Sir, stop; it is no idle excuse, as you seem to fancy. It is not the snow that I speak of; it is the intense and deadly cold, that keeps all but the very strong people in-doors. How can any man talk when his beard is frozen? Look, Sir!"

From his short brown beard he took lumps of ice, beginning to thaw in the warmth of the room, and cast them into the fire to hiss. Mr. Oglander gazed as if he thought that his visitor took a liberty, but one that could not matter much. "Go on, Sir, with your report," he said.

"Well, Sir, in this chain of crime," Mr. Smith replied, in a sprightly manner, "we have found one very important link."

"What is it, Smith? Don't keep me waiting. Don't fear me. I am now prepared to stand any thing whatever."

"Well, Sir, we have discovered, at last, the body of your Worship's daughter."

The Squire bowed, and hid his face. By the aid of faith he had been hoping against hope, till it came to this. Then he looked up, with his bright old eyes for the moment very steady, and said, with a firm though hollow voice,

"The will of the Lord be done! The will of the Lord be done, Smith!"

"The will of the Lord shall not be done," cried Mr. Smith, emphatically, and striking his thick knees with his fist, "until the man who has done it shall be swung, Squire, swung. Make up your mind to that, your Worship. You may safely make up your mind to that."

"What good will it do me?" the father asked, talking with himself alone. "Will it ever bring back my girl—my child? Bereaved I am, but it can not be long. I shall meet her in a better world, Smith."

"To be sure your Worship will, with the angels and archangels. But to my mind that will be no satisfaction, till the man has swung for it."

"Excuse me for a moment, will you, Mr. Smith, excuse me? I have no right to be overcome, and I thought I had got beyond all that. Ring the bell, and they will bring you cold sirloin and a jug of ale. Help yourself, and don't mind me. I will come back directly. No, thank you; I can walk alone. How many have had much worse to bear! You will find the under-cut the best."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. SMITH IS ACTIVE.

Mr. John Smith was a little upset at seeing the Squire so put out. But he said to himself: "It is natural—after all, it is natural. Poor old chap, he has taken it as well as could be expected. However, we must all live; and I feel uncommonly peckish just now. I declare I would rather have had something hot this weather. But in such a case one must put up with things. I wonder if they have got any horse-radish. All frozen hard in the ground, I fear—no harm, at any rate, in asking."

With this self-commune he rang the bell, and Mary, by her mother's order, answered. "I'll not go nigh the baste," cried Widow Hookham, still indignant. Mary, like a good maid, laid the cloth without a syllable, and, like a good young woman, took the keenest heed of Mr. Smith, without letting him dream that she peeped at him.

"Thank you, Mary," said Mr. Smith, to open conversation.

"My mother's name is Mary," she answered; "and perhaps you would like some pickles."

"By all means, as there is no horse-radish. Bring onions, gherkins, and walnuts, Mary. But above all things, walnuts."

"You must have what you can get," said Mary. "I will go and tell master what you require."

"On no account, Mary; on no account. He is gone away to pray, I believe. On no account disturb him."

"Poor dear, I should hope not. Perhaps you can manage with what I have set before you."

"I will do my best," he answered.

"The scum of the earth!" said Mary to herself; good servants being the most intensely aristocratic of all the world. "He never dined at a gentleman's table before, and his head is turned with it. Our kitchen is too good for him. But poor master never heeds nothing now."

As soon, however, as Mr. Smith had appeased the rage of hunger, and having called for a glass of hot brandy-and-water, was clinking the spoon in it, the Squire showed that he did heed something, by coming back calmly to talk with him. Mr. Oglander had passed the bitterest hour of his long life yet; filled at every turn of thought with yearning to break down and weep. Sometimes his mind was so confused that he did not know how old he was, but seemed to be in the long past days, with his loving wife upon his arm, and their Gracie toddling in front of them. He spoke to them both as he used to do, and speaking cleared his thoughts again; and he shook away the dreamy joy in the blank forlorn of facts. At last he washed his face, and brushed his silver hair and untended beard; and half in the looking-glass expected to see his daughter scolding him, because he knew that he had neglected many things she insisted on; and his conscience caught him when he seemed to be taking a low advantage.

"I hope you have been treated well," he said, with his fine old-fashioned bow, to Smith, as he came back again. "I do not often leave my guests to attend to themselves in this way."

"Don't apologize, Squire, I beg you. I have done first chop, I assure you, Sir. I have not tasted real mustard, ground at home as yours is, since I was up in Durham County, where they never grow it."

"Well, Mr. Smith," said the Squire, trying to smile at his facetiousness, "I am very glad that you have done well. In weather like this, a young man like you must want a good deal of nourishment. But now, will you—will you tell me—"

"Yes, your Worship, every thing. Of course you are anxious; and I thoroughly enter into your feelings. There are none of the women at the door, I hope?"

"Such things do not happen in my house. I will not interrupt you."

"Very well, Sir. Then sit down here. You must be aware in the first place, then, that I was not likely to be content with your way of regarding things. The Lord is the Lord of the weather, of course, and does it without consulting us. Nevertheless, He allows us also to do our best against it. So I took the bull by the horns, as John Bull, by his name, has a right to do. I just resolved to beat the weather, and have it out with every thing. So I communicated with the authorities in London. You know we are in a transition state—a transition state at present, Sir—between the old system and the new."

"Yes, yes; of course I know all that."

"Very well, your Worship, we are obliged, of course, to be doubly careful. In London we are quite established; but down here we must feel our way. The magistrates, saving your Worship's presence, look upon us with dislike, as if we were superseding them. That will wear off, your Worship, and the new system will work wonders."

"Yes, so you all say. But now be quick. What wonders have you wrought, John Smith?"

"Well, I was going to tell your Worship when you interrupted me. You know that story of Cripps the carrier and his sister—what's her name? Well, some folk believed it, and some bereaved it. I did neither of the two, but resolved to get to the bottom of it. Your Worship was afraid, you remember—well, then, let us say daunted, Sir—or, if you will not have that, we may say that you trusted in Providence."

"It was not quite that; but still, Mr. Smith—"

"Your Worship will excuse me. Things of that sort happen always, and the people are always wrong that do it. I trusted in Providence once myself, but now I trust twice in my own self first, and leave Providence to come after me. Ha! ha! I speak my mind. No offense, your Worship. Well, then, this was what I did. A brave regiment of soldiers having newly returned from India, was ordered to march from London to the Land's End for change of temperature. They had not been supplied, of course, with any change of clothes for climate, and they felt it a little, but were exhorted not to be too particular. Two companies were to be billeted at Abingdon last evening; and having, of course, received notice of that, I procured authority to use them. They shivered so that they wanted work; and there is nothing, your Worship, like discipline."

"Of course I know that from my early days. Will you tell your story speedily?"

"Sir, that is just what I am doing. I brought them without many words to the quarry, where ten times the number of our clod-hoppers would only have shoveled at one another. Bless my heart! they did work, and with order and arrangement. Being clothed all in cotton, they had no time to lose, unless they meant to get frozen; and it was a fine sight, I assure your Worship, to see how they showed their shoulder-blades, being skinny from that hot climate, and their brown freckled arms in the white of the drift, and the Indian steam coming out of them. In about two hours all the ground was clear, and the trees put away, like basket-work; and then we could see what had happened exactly, and even the mark of the pickaxes. Every word of that girl was proved true to a tittle. I never heard finer evidence. We can even see that two men had been at work, and the stroke of their tools was different. You may trust me for getting up a case; but I see that you have no patience, Squire. We shoveled away all the fallen rock and mould and stumps and furze roots, and at last we came to the poor, poor innocent body, as fresh as the daylight."

"I can hear no more! You have lost no child—if you have, it was not worth losing! Tell me nothing—nothing more! But prove that it was my child!"

"Lord a' mercy, your Worship! Why, you are only fit to go to bed! Here, Mary! Mary! Mother Hookham! Curse the bell—I have broken it! Your master is taken very queer! Look alive, woman! Stir your stumps! A pot of hot water and a foot-tub! Don't get scared. He will be all right. I always carry a fleam with me. I can bleed him as well as any doctor. Hold his head up. Let me feel. Oh, he is not going to die just yet. Stop your caterwauling. There, I have relieved his veins. He will know us all in a minute again. He ought to have had a deal more spirit. I never could have expected this. I smoothed off every thing so nicely—just as if it was a lady—"

"Did you, indeed! I have heard every word," said Widow Hookham, sternly. "You locked the door, or I would have had my ten nails in you long ago! Poor dear! What is a scum like you? And, after all, what have you done, John Smith?"

CHAPTER XIV.

SO IS MRS. SHARP.

On the very next day it was known throughout the parish and the neighborhood that the ancient Squire had broken down at last under the weight of anxieties. Nobody blamed him much for this, except his own sister and Mr. Smith. Mrs. Fermitage said that he ought to have shown more faith and resignation; and John Smith declared that all his plans were thrown out by this stupidity. What proper inquiry could be held, when the universal desire was to spare the feelings and respect the affliction of a poor old man?

Mr. Smith was right. An inquest truly must be held upon the body which had been found by the soldiers. But the Coroner, being a good old friend and admirer of the Oglanders, contrived that the matter should be a mere form, and the verdict an open nullity. Mr. Luke Sharp appeared, and in a dignified reserve was ready to represent the family. He said a few words in the very best taste, and scarcely dared to hint at things, which must be painful to every body left alive to think of them. How the crush of tons of rock upon an unprotected female form had made it impossible to say—and how all the hair (which more than any other human gift survived the sad, sad change), having been cut off, was there no longer—and how there was really nothing except a pair of particularly good silk stockings, belonging to a lady of lofty position in the county, and the widow of an eminent gentleman, but not required, he might hope, to present herself so painfully. Mr. Sharp could say no more; and the jury felt that he now must come, or, failing him, his son, Kit Sharp, into the £150,000 of "Port-wine Fermitage."

Therefore they returned the verdict well submitted to them, "Death by misadventure of a young lady, name unknown." Their object was to satisfy the Squire and their consciences; and they found it wise, as it generally is, not to be too particular. And the Coroner was the last man to make any fuss about any thing.

"Are you satisfied now, Mr. Overshute?" asked Lawyer Sharp, as Russel met him in the passage of the "Quarry Arms," where the inquest had been taken. "The jury have done their best at once to meet the facts of the case and respect the feelings of the family."

"Satisfied! How can I be? Such a hocus-pocus I never knew. It is not for me to interfere, while things are in this wretched state. Every body knows what an inquest is. No doubt you have done your duty, and acted according to your instructions. Come in here, where we can speak privately."

Mr. Sharp did not look quite as if he desired a private interview. However, he followed the young man with the best grace he could muster.

"I am going to speak quite calmly, and have no whip now for you to snap," said Russel, sitting down, as soon as he had set a chair for Mr. Sharp; "but may I ask you why you have done your utmost to prevent what seemed, to an ordinary mind, the first and most essential thing?"

"The identification? Yes, of course. Will you come, and satisfy yourself? The key of the room is in my pocket."

"I can not do it. I can not do it," answered the young man, shuddering. "My last recollection must not be—"

"Young Sir, I respect your feelings. And need I ask you, after that, whether I have done amiss in sparing the feelings of the family? And there is something more important than even that at stake just now. You know the poor Squire's sad condition. The poor old gentleman is pretty well broken down at last, I fear. What else could we expect of him? And the doctor his sister had brought from London says that his life hangs positively upon a thread of hope. Therefore we are telling him sad stories, or rather, I ought to say, happy stories; and though he is too sharp to swallow them all, they do him good, Sir—they do him good."

"I can quite understand it. But how does that bear—I mean, you could have misled him surely about the result of this inquest?"

"By no means. He would have insisted on seeing a copy of the *Herald*. In fact, if the story could not have been managed, I had arranged with the editor to print a special copy giving the verdict as we wanted it. A pious fraud, of course; and so it is better to dispense with it. This verdict will set him up again upon his poor old legs, I hope. He seemed to dread the final blow so, and the bandying to and fro of his unfortunate daughter's name. I scarcely see why it should be so; but so it is, Mr. Overshute."

"Of course it is. How can you doubt it? How can it be otherwise? You can have no good blood in you—I beg your pardon, I speak rashly, but I did not mean to speak rudely. All I mean to say is, that you need no more explain yourself. I seem to be always doubting you; and it always shows what a fool I am."

"Now don't say that," Mr. Luke Sharp answered, with a fine and genial smile. "You are acknowledged to be the most rising member of the County Bench. But still, Sir, still there is such a thing as going too far with acuteness, Sir. You may not perceive it yet; but when you come to my age, you will own it."

"Truly. But who can be too suspicious when such things are done as these? I tell you, Sharp, that I would give my head off my shoulders this very instant to know who has done this damned villainy. This infernal—unnatural wrong to my darling—to my darling."

"Mr. Overshute, how can we tell that any wrong has been done to her?"

"No wrong to take her life! No wrong to cut off all her lovely hair, and to send it to her father! No wrong to leave us as we are, with nothing now to care for! You spoke like a sensible man just now—oh, don't think that I am excitable."

"Well, how can I think otherwise? But do me the justice to remember that I do not for one moment assert what every body takes for granted. It seems too probable, and it can not, for the present at least, be disproved, that here we have the sad finale of the poor young lady. But it must be borne in mind that, on the other hand, the body—"

"The thing could be settled in two minutes—Sharp, I have no patience with you."

"So it appears; and making due allowance, I am not vexed with you. You mean, of course, the interior garments, the nether clothing, and so on. There is not a clew afforded there. We have found no name on any thing. The features and form, as I need not tell you—"

"I can not bear to hear of that. Has any old servant of the family; has the family doctor—"

"All those measures were taken, of course. We had the two oldest servants. But the one was flurried out of her wits, and the other extremely cross and surly. And you know what a fellow old Splinters is, the crustiest of the crusty. He took it in bitter dudgeon that Sir Anthony had been sent for to see the poor old Squire. And all he would say was, 'Yes, yes, yes. You had better send for Sir Anthony. Perhaps he could bring—oh, of course he could bring—my poor little pet to life again.' Then we tried her aunt, Mrs. Fermitage, one of the last who had seen her living. But, bless you, my dear Sir, a team of horses would not have lugged her into the room. She cried and shrieked and fainted away.

"'Barbarous creatures!' she said, 'you will have to hold another inquest if you are so unmanly. I could not even see my dear husband;' and then she fell into hysterics, and we had to send two miles for brandy. Now, Sir, have we any thing more to do? Shall we send a litter or a coffin for the Squire himself?"

"You are inclined to be sarcastic. But you have taken a great deal upon yourself. You seem to have ordered every thing. Mr. Luke Sharp every where!"

"Will you tell me who else there was to do it? It has not been a very pleasant task, and certainly not a profitable one. I shall reap the usual reward—to be called a big fool by every one. But that is a trifle. Now, if there is any thing you can suggest, Mr. Overshute, it shall be done at once. Take time to think. I feel a little tired and in need of rest. There has been so much to think of. You should have come to help us sooner. But, no doubt, you felt a sort of delicacy about it. The worthy jurymen's feet at last have ceased to rattle in the passage. My horse will not be here just yet. You will not think me rude if I snatch a little rest while you consider. For three nights I have had no sleep. Have I your good permission, Sir? Here is the key of that room, meanwhile."

Russel Overshute was surprised to see Mr. Sharp draw forth a large silk handkerchief, with spots of white upon a yellow ground, and spread it carefully over the crown of his long, deep head, and around his temples down to the fine gray eyebrows. Then lifting gaitered heels upon the flat wide bar of the iron fender—the weather being as cold as ever—in less than a minute Mr. Luke Sharp was asleep beyond all contradiction. He slept the sleep of the just, with that gentle whisper of a snore which Aristotle hints at to prove that virtue being, as she must be, in the mean, doth in the neutral third of life maintain a middle course between loud snore and silent slumber.

If Mr. Sharp had striven hard to produce a powerful effect, young Overshute might have suspected him; but his calm, good sleep and pure sense of rest laid him open for all the world to take a larger view of him. No bad man could sleep like that. No narrow-minded man could be so wide to nature's noblest power. Only a fine and genial soul could sweetly thus resign itself. The soft content of well-earned repose spoke volumes in calm silence. Here was a good man (if ever there was one), at peace with his conscience, the world, and Heaven.

Overshute was enabled thus to look at things more loftily. To judge a man as he should be judged, when he challenges no verdict. To see that there are large points of view, which we lose by worldly wisdom, and by little peeps through selfish holes, too one-eyed and ungenerous. Overshute could not bear the idea of any illiberality. He hated suspicion in any body, unless it were just, as his own should be. In this condition of mind he pondered, while the honest lawyer slept. And he could not think of any thing neglected or mismanaged much in the present helpless state of things.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TORPEDO SERVICE.

During the early period of our struggle for independence a Connecticut mechanic named Bushnell suggested to General Putnam, then in command of the Continental forces in the vicinity of New York city, the feasibility of the destruction of the British fleet, then at anchor in the New York Bay, "by a novel and quite singular engine," "a contrivance which could be propelled beneath the surface of the water, and, guided by a skillful oarsman, could be propelled against the side of a vessel with force sufficient to attach to her side a torpedo filled with powder. This accomplished, the 'turtle' will be at once detached, and this will set in motion a clock-work which shall presently explode."

The nearly successful attempt of Ezra Lee upon the 64-gun ship *Eagle*, flag-ship of Lord Howe, is a story well known, accident alone preventing the complete success which crowned Lieutenant Cushing's desperate night expedition against the iron-clad ram *Albemarle*—an achievement which is fostered by our naval officers as an example of gallantry which will be followed when the need occurs.

The knowledge of the avowed willingness on the part of the younger officers to engage in the torpedo service gives a strength to this branch of the navy which the older officers declare can not be estimated, and while relying greatly upon the gallantry and dash of any officer called upon to use the "spar torpedo," every care is taken to improve the working of set bombs, "floaters," and propelled torpedoes of different descriptions. Maps and charts are prepared of different harbors, embracing soundings, points where the torpedoes may be most favorably located, and such other information as may be of possible value in the event of attempted entrance by a hostile fleet.

To give some idea of the perfection attained in this work, we produce on page 109 a number of sketches embracing many of the means employed. The planted bomb of iron, connected by means of insulated wires with electric batteries, is under the control of officers stationed at a point of observation, where, by means of a map drawn upon a large table, the surface of which is divided and subdivided into numbered squares, they may note accurately when a vessel or number of vessels are directly over a group of torpedoes.

By reference to the sketches it will be seen that this table is crossed by two long bars of metal, one of which is in direct range of the glass attached to the table, the other is connected by means of electricity to a theodolite, located possibly two miles distant from the table, and a base-line established by means of two other theodolites, one attached to the table and the other inserted in the box upon which the distant glass is mounted, the two observers keeping their glasses upon an approaching ship, enabling an officer in charge of the table to note by means of the moving bars the exact moment when certain destruction may be accomplished by the simple pressure of the springs of the electric battery.

The torpedo station, an island in the harbor of Newport, Rhode Island, is the head-quarters of this service. Here factories are kept constantly at work producing different descriptions of bombs and appliances, which are shipped as occasion requires to the several navy-yards and stations. New inventions are tested. The necessary stores of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and other explosives are in safe magazines. This island is a point of great interest to foreign naval officers, many of whom have visited it during the past year, and investigated such torpedoes and appliances as the officials thought proper to expose.

That they saw all of Uncle Sam's material is not to be supposed, as many of the most important features of the torpedo service are kept perfectly secret.

The exterior of the Lay torpedo, an iron boat thirty feet in length, and shaped like a cigar, gives but little idea of the complicated and perfect machinery contained within it. This boat, when submerged, can be perfectly guided toward any given point, and the torpedo exploded either by contact or by means of electricity. It is regarded as the most powerful engine of destruction ever invented.

The Harvey torpedo, an invention of the English naval officer whose name it bears, is ingenious, but not considered serviceable. This machine is towed by means of a rope from a yard or spar of the mizzen-mast, and exploded by contact with a pursuing vessel. Experienced officers declare that, with every thing favorable, it is more by luck than any thing else that they have ever been able to strike an object aimed at.

The spar torpedo, with which nearly all of our men-of-war are at present furnished, is available only when ships are in close quarters. Then it is calculated to do its work perfectly. Small steamers or boats are also attached to the torpedo fleet, and fitted with spar bombs. In the museum or store-room of the torpedo station may be seen a variety of destructive bombs; and occasional public experiments are made in the harbor, which attract numerous visitors, and cause lament on the part of the fishermen by reason of the destruction of every fish in the immediate vicinity of the "infernal machine."

Charleston Harbor was made impregnable during the late war by means of the torpedoes planted there, and many of our most distinguished naval officers are convinced that only by the torpedo service can the defense of our harbors be made perfect in the event of a war with a powerful naval power.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Sunday,	6.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	13.—Septuagesima.
Sunday,	20.—Sexagesima.
Thursday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	27.—Quinquagesima.

MARCH.

Wednesday	1.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	5.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday,	25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday,	26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

The more the amendment to the Gray Nuns Act is examined, the worse it appears. Senator Selkreg, who was a member of the committee in the Legislature of 1874–75 to which the bill was referred, now states that in its original form it *commanded* the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to issue certificates to the graduates of the Gray Nuns' schools. The bill to repeal the amended act is now opposed in the State Senate on the ground that it is superseded by the general law of June 9, 1875, in relation to public instruction. This, however, is by no means clear.

The original law incorporating the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns is very loosely drawn. All the corporators save one are obviously French, and presumably aliens. The first section of the bill contains this remarkable passage, "Provided that such real estate [which it is lawful for the Gray Nuns to acquire], *exclusive of the religious and school houses, and the grounds belonging to the same in use by the said corporation*, shall not exceed the sum of fifty thousand dollars in value." By putting a chapel or school-house, no matter how cheap, on each piece of their land, the Gray Nuns can acquire real estate to any extent. There is nothing in this original charter to prevent their buying up whole counties, if they choose to do so.

This careless legislation is, however, not without other examples in the history of our State. By an act passed April 11, 1871, the "Friars Minor of the Order of St. Francis" were incorporated. The first section of this charter is in these words:

> Section 1. Charles Dannazano, Michael Rabauti, Maximus Cassini, Tranguillino Damonselice, James Titta, Anacletus Darocca Gorga, Edward Dufassombrone, and Eugene Dikovich, and their successors, are hereby constituted a body corporate by the name and title of the "Friars Minor of the Order of St. Francis," the purposes and objects of which corporation shall be to extend and promote the cause of religion and education within this State and the United States, and for such purposes and objects may erect, maintain, or establish such churches, schools, or other institutions or buildings as they may deem necessary; and said society shall be capable and authorized to take, receive, purchase, and hold any lands or real estate or other property by purchase, will, testament, devise, gift, grant, demise, or otherwise, subject to provisions of law respecting last will and testament, and to convey, lease, or mortgage the same, which lands and real estate shall not exceed the value of ten hundred thousand dollars.

It will naturally be inferred that the corporators above named are aliens, and as such not likely to have any interests in common with the State, yet they are authorized to plant themselves all over New York, and, for a beginning, to hold a million dollars' worth of real property. But the Minorites are by papal bull at the head of the mendicant orders, that is, of the orders especially consecrated to poverty. If this is poverty according to their standard, what must their idea of wealth be? It is time that the people of the State should rebuke the Legislature for such betrayals of its trust. Instead of guarding our interests, it surrenders them, either through carelessness or treachery.

The labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Philadelphia closed with the "Christian Convention," which began January 19. A thousand ministerial and lay delegates were in attendance, and about four thousand persons in all. The time was divided into one-hour periods, with a subject assigned to each, on which Mr. Moody delivered a short lecture, and afterward invited questions. He advocated short sermons, variety in prayer-meetings, brief prayers, and thoroughness in dealing with inquirers. The questioning by the ministers present was rapid and abundant; Mr. Moody's answers were apt, and at times lit up with humor. The Convention was in session two days. At the night meeting held January 20 a collection of $100,000 was taken to aid in erecting the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association building.

The preparations for the meetings in the Hippodrome, of this city, are nearly completed. The choir will consist of 1000 persons. The main hall will seat from 6000 to 7000 hearers, and the overflow hall about 5000. The Hippodrome has been floored and put in order at a great expense. Messrs. Moody and Sankey are expected to be in the city about February 1. They will remain probably two months. The services will be as follows: prayer-meeting at noon, Bible reading at 4 P.M., preaching at 7.30 P.M; Sunday service at 8 A.M., an afternoon meeting for women, and preaching at night.

The Archbishop of Cologne has been found in Holland, where he is likely to remain.

An important recent event in Prussia was the meeting of the "General Synod of the Evangelical [or state] Church," which adjourned late in December. It was summoned by the king for the purpose of forming a synodal constitution. There were 200 members, 150 elected by the provincial Synods and 50 appointed by the king. The king's appointees were orthodox conservatives. The rationalist party had hardly a dozen representatives in the body. A draft of the organization of a national Synod was presented for consideration and acted upon. It brings the laity into the government of the Church, which will now be administered by a series of councils—parochial, district, provincial, and general. The king is, of course, the head of the Church.

The curious prosecution brought before a Paris court, already noticed in this Intelligence, in which the issue was the truth of the reports which charge the practice of infanticide on the people of China, has been decided. The prosecutor, the Abbé Girardin, appeared in behalf of a French Catholic society which is laboring in China to save exposed infants. The practice was proved to the satisfaction of the court. The *XIXme Siècle*, which had ridiculed the society as a fraud, was fined one thousand francs, and the writers of the articles complained of, M. About and M. Sarcey, were fined, in addition, three hundred francs each.

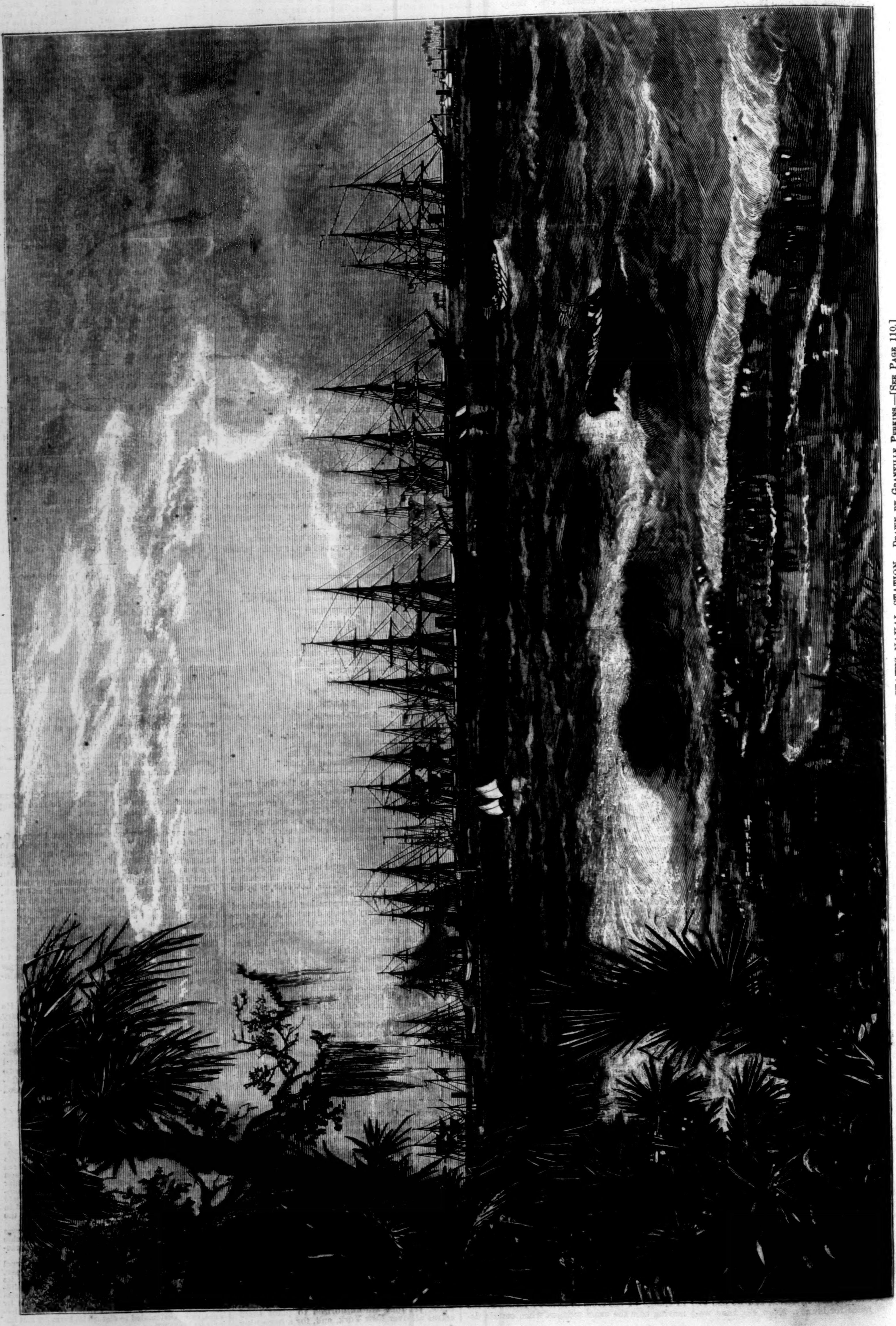
Preparations are making in this city for the attendance of American delegates at the Council of all Presbyterians, which will be held in Edinburgh on the 4th of July next. The American committee have determined to appoint twelve persons from this country to deliver addresses on topics embraced in the programme.

The Rev. Henry Varley, whose death was announced January 18, is said to be recovering from a severe attack of illness.

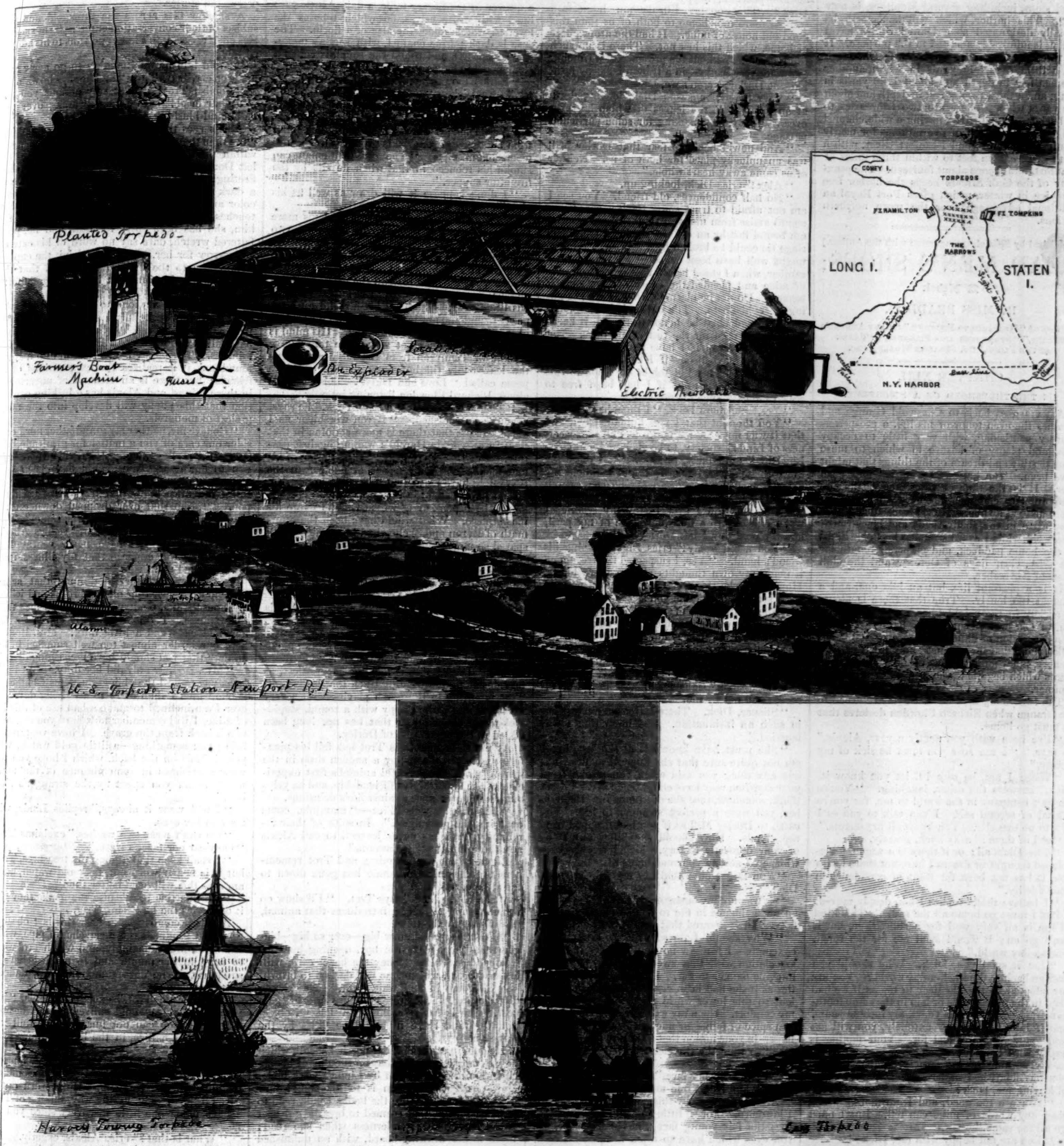
The revivalists whose names have become familiar to the public are still actively engaged in addressing the people. Messrs. Whittle and Bliss are in Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. E. P. Hammond is still in Lancaster, Miss Smiley is in Cleveland, and fresh names appear every month. There has been a great awakening in Newburgh, New York, in Newark, New Jersey, and in Richmond, Virginia. Extensive visitations are made in several States by delegates of the Young Men's Christian Associations. One of these will extend over the Southern States. Not since 1857 has there been such general activity shown by Christians for the conversion of their fellow-men to Christian faith and practice. Missions of new names, such as that to railroad men, are continually developing in all parts of the country.

The Baptist ministers of New York and its vicinity, at their meeting on Monday, January 17, had an animated discussion of the question whether or not to take such action as would practically exclude from their association the Rev. Dr. Jeffrey, who is charged with holding open-communion sentiments. It was finally agreed to continue in force the invitation given him to read an essay on January 31. After this the following preamble and resolutions were discussed for several hours:

> *Whereas*, The second article in the Constitution of the "Baptist Ministers' Conference of New York and Vicinity" defines the design of this Conference to be "the edification of its members and the promotion of union of aim and action among pastors and churches in all that concerns them as disciples of Christ;" and
>
> *Whereas*, This Conference understands the words "aim and action" here used as intended to conserve the practice of restricted communion in common with every other distinguishing practice of regular Baptist churches, using the phrase restricted communion in the sense that no person should participate in the Lord's Supper until he has been immersed in water upon a profession of his faith in Christ, as the Gospel requires; and
>
> *Whereas*, The recognition of unimmersed believers as rightful communicants at the Lord's table sets aside and violates the order of the New Testament as practiced in the apostolic churches; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That this Conference insists that Gospel baptism is a necessary qualification for the Supper, and discards communion at the table by any of its members with those who do not possess this qualification as in direct conflict with that "union of aim and action among pastors and churches," defined by its Constitution as a primary object of this Conference, and as calculated to disturb its harmony and impair its influence.



PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA—THE NEW UNITED STATES NAVAL STATION.—DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—[SEE PAGE 110.]


Planted Torpedo
Farmer's Boat Machine
Fuses
An Exploder
Localizer
Electric Theodolite
CONEY I.
TORPEDOS
FT. HAMILTON
FT. TOMPKINS
THE NARROWS
LONG I.
STATEN I.
Base line
N.Y. HARBOR
Alarm
Intrepid
U.S. Torpedo Station Newport R.I.
Harvey Towing Torpedo
Lay Torpedo
Harvey Torpedo
Cushing Torpedo
Spar from the Drooner
Collection of Torpedoes

THE TORPEDO SERVICE.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 107.]

PORT ROYAL.

We give on page 108 a view of the harbor of Port Royal, South Carolina, where a fleet of national ships, including several Monitors, is now lying. This harbor, which will henceforth be officially designated as a United States naval station, is admirably adapted to the purpose. It has three entrances, one seventeen feet in depth and a little over 300 yards in width, another nineteen feet in depth and about 1200 yards in width, and a third twenty feet in depth and about 300 yards wide. There are two tributaries to the harbor—Broad River, having a wide channel and an average depth of five fathoms for nearly twenty-seven miles, and Beaufort River, with a depth of seventeen feet to within three miles of Beaufort, and thence about fourteen. The proximity of the Gulf Stream keeps the harbor free from ice in winter, which gives Port Royal an additional advantage over the more northern stations.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DISCOVERY.

Alexis goes back to Cheswold Grange and resumes the even tenor of his life, a prosperous country gentleman, with very little to occupy him, and plenty of leisure in which to muse upon destiny and dream of the things that might have been. The hunting season has long been over. It is the time of roses, and he has no temptation to endanger his neck upon Bayard again just yet awhile. He rides his steady little gray mare in the shady roads and lanes round Cheswold, while Bayard stretches his noble limbs in the home paddock, and gathers strength for the crisp, clear days of October and the chill mists of November.

It is a pleasant life, but an idle one, and a thought too lonely. True that there is plenty of society in the neighborhood, and Mr. Secretan, of Cheswold, is popular; but life can not be a succession of dinner parties, and Alexis has little inclination for croquet and garden parties, archery, fancy fairs, or any of those small amusements which beguile the long days of a country summer.

The two young men have scarcely returned to the Grange when Richard Plowden declares that he must go home.

"I've been with you nearly a year, Alexis," he says. "I am sure you must be sick of my society."

"When I am, be sure I'll let you know it, Dick," answers the other, laughing. "You're the best company in the world to me, for you're a kind of second self. I can talk to you as I talk to no one else. You know all my secrets."

"All of them?" asks Dick, gravely.

"Yes, Dick, all; or if there is a vague, undeveloped thought or dream I have not shared with you, it has not been for want of confidence in your fidelity."

"I believe that," replies Dick, deeply moved. "But I must go home all the same. This kind of life is all very well for a short time, but it can't go on; it would spoil me for the rough work-a-day world."

"Let it spoil you, Dick. Why should you ever go back to the work-a-day world? You are my adopted brother, as dear to me as if we had slept in the same cradle or lain in the same mother's arms. My home is yours, my income yours, and if Fate cuts me off untimely, you will not find yourself unprovided for. Your mother is happy with her lodgers and her housekeeping, to say nothing of the fernery, which she tells you has flourished under her care. Why talk of leaving me, Dick?"

"You are too good, and I am more grateful than any words of mine can tell. But I must go all the same."

"You are not happy with me, Dick?"

"I have been most happy with you."

"Have been. That means you are not happy now. It is you who are tired of my company. That long illness of mine wore you out. You had too much of me at Dorley Mill."

At the name of Dorley Mill a spasm of pain passes across Richard Plowden's face, so faint that it might have escaped a less watchful observer than Alexis. But Alexis is sorely puzzled by Dick's desire to leave him, and is watchful of his friend's countenance.

"Too much of your company—no, Alexis. You know that your company is like the wine of life for me."

"And yet you persist in leaving me. There must be some reason—"

"There is a reason—one that I can never tell you. A foolish reason; but strong enough to send me away from Cheswold."

"And the roses and the ferns and all those bright things of summer you love so well—you to whom the hills and woods and wandering streams are new. You would exchange all the pleasures of the country for the Brompton Road and the ever-flowing stream of many-colored omnibuses, the cry of the hawker, the reek of the ham and beef shop, the glare of the gin palace? The reason must be a strong one, Dick."

"It is strong as Fate."

"And you will not trust me with it?"

"I can not tell you my reasons. You would laugh at me—despise me."

"Try me, Dick. Suppose I can guess your secret?"

"Oh no, no!" cries Dick, with alarm.

"Those days at Dorley Mill when my broken ribs were slowly knitting themselves together again—peaceful, happy days, were they not, Dick? That quaint Elizabethan homestead seemed more like home to both of us than this good old house of mine. It had the atmosphere of home, which this has not. There is no such thing as home without the presence of a woman. We were very happy—in a tranquil, sleepy fashion—at Dorley, weren't we, Dick?"

"Very happy," answers Dick, looking down at an open book, the leaves of which he turns over restlessly, as if looking for some particular passage.

"And now I begin to fear that Dorley Mill was an unlucky place for both of us. Neither of us came away heart whole."

"Alex!" cries Dick, looking up.

"No half confidences, old friend. You see I am not afraid to trust *you*. Such a confession comes amiss from me, you think—from me who am bound fast by an old tie—which, if the marriage tie could be broken by a wife's unkindness, might well have been canceled for me last December, when I stood before that mercenary wife of mine and pleaded the cause of love against money. Do not be alarmed, Dick, I am not going to sophisticate. The old tie is binding, and the old bond shall be honored, though it keeps me a lonely man for the rest of my days. But I may be forgiven if I have had my dream of what might have been—if I have thought how fair and perfect my life might be made in this good old home of mine if I had been free to seek Linda Challice for my wife."

"Yes," murmurs Dick, "I thought so."

"You thought that I was human, Dick, and that it was not easy for me to feel all the sweetness of Linda's society, to be sheltered and cherished by her kindness, to know that I owed my life to her patient tenderness, and withhold my heart from her altogether. My heart went out to her, Dick, unawares, but by not so much as a word or look did I ever betray my secret. I woke one day to a full knowledge of my peril, and the next day I left Dorley Mill."

"You acted nobly!" cries Dick, clasping his friend's hand. "Yes, I suspected the truth, and it made my own thoughts all the more bitter. How could she think of me? What a worm I must seem to her beside you!"

"She shall think of you, Dick. She shall learn to know your noble heart, your talents, your love of all that is lofty and lovely in life. She shall learn to understand you and appreciate you as I do. Trust to time, Dick, and me. It shall be my task to win her for you."

"Impossible," sighs Dick. "She is won already, and not by me."

"Silence, Dick. There is treason against her in such an insinuation. She knew that I was married."

"She must have known it at the last, but I am not quite sure that she knew it at first, unless any thing you said when you awoke from your delirium may have enlightened her. I don't think, somehow, that she did know it. Remember, you were a perfect stranger to her. You came to Dorley Mill as if you had dropped from the clouds. How should she know any thing of your domestic history, which has only been whispered among your neighbors?"

"You might have told her my painful story, Dick."

"It was not my business. It would have been an impertinence in me to gabble about your affairs. I felt assured that you would tell her."

"Why should I do so, Dick? I am not a coxcomb. I foresaw no peril to myself in my association with that sweet girl, still less did I imagine danger to her. I accepted all her bounties as if she had been verily a ministering angel lent to this lower world for a little while to be my comfort. Upon my word, Dick, I think there is a spice of folly—or unconscious jealousy, perhaps—in your notion that I am any more to Miss Challice than the traveler who fell by the wayside."

"I can read her face," answers Dick, sorrowfully, "and it has told me her secret."

Alexis is moved by this conviction of Richard Plowden's. For so little he could be glad. He sees the fair young face, the bended brow, the soft eyes which have so often avoided his own. Dare he interpret those signs—those little looks which he remembers so well—as the tokens of a hidden passion? Dare he suffer himself to believe that while Linda Challice ministered to him pity grew to love in her heart, as gratitude widened into love in his? The thought that it is so can bring him nothing but sorrow, yet he finds himself encouraging the fancy notwithstanding.

"I am a weak fool, Dick," he cries at last, after pacing the fire-lit library for some time, "and you ought not to say these things to me. Linda Challice does know that I have a wife. She learned it directly from my own lips; but only on the morning before I left Dorley. But she shall know all my wretched story. She shall know that I deserve her pity, though I dare not ask for her love. I am bound to pay one more visit to Dorley Mill, if it is only to repeat my thanks for all her goodness to me. I will go to-morrow. I have ordered a little present for her from London which I think she will like."

"She is not a girl to care for presents," says Dick.

"You sulky old bear; women love souvenirs and keepsakes."

"Yes, when they love the giver."

"You know that shabby old silver watch she wears?"

"It was her father's," growls Dick; "he wore it to the day of his death, or had it under his pillow on his death-bed. He died in Rome, you know, in something like impoverished circumstances. I dare say he had a fine gold hunter when his pictures were the fashion."

"Poor fellow! It was his watch, was it? Then I'm afraid Lin—Miss Challice won't care for the one I've bought her."

Alexis takes a neat little morocco case out of a drawer in the library table, a dainty little case lined with white velvet, on which reposes the loveliest watch, about the size of a florin. The case is dark purple enamel, with Linda's monogram in pearls, and round the watch is coiled a slender gold chain set with pearls.

"Rather too pretty for a miller's granddaughter," says Dick. "But I've no doubt she'll be pleased. Didn't you bring any thing for Mr. Benfield?"

"Yes, Dick; I didn't forget the miller," and from another drawer Alexis produces a splendid meerschaum pipe. "The old gentleman can smoke his tobacco in that when he sits by the fire after supper."

"I don't suppose it will draw as well as his clay," murmurs Dick.

The drawing-room at the Grange seems more than usually empty that evening when the two young men leave the dining table. It is a wet night, and they lack the amusement which the gardens and stable-yard afford them in fine weather. Alexis has read all the magazines and newspapers, and is hardly in the humor for serious literature, although all his favorite authors, newly bound and newly arranged upon the shelves in the library, invite him to study. His mind is disturbed, he knows not why. He takes up a volume of Tennyson from the table and turns the leaves idly till he comes to that exquisite poem called "Love and Duty." This he reads aloud, Richard Plowden listening intently.

"That was written by a MAN, Dick," he says, when he has finished. "Byron worshiper as I am, I confess that there is more stamina in that than in all Childe Harold's wailing against destiny. But then Byron died in the flower of his manhood. We know not what noble fruit the tree might have borne had it grown to maturity. Byron never came to the age at which Scott began to be a poet, or at which Goethe wrote his masterpiece. What would have been the aftermath of Byron and Shelley had inexorable death spared so much genius?"

After this, Alexis and his friend talk of their favorite poets, and both brighten a little as their thoughts drift away from their own individual sorrows.

Soon after breakfast next morning, Alexis mounts Titmouse and rides down to Dorley, through the perfumed lanes where the dog-roses and woodbine make a tangle of flowers among the young oak saplings and the sturdy hawthorn bushes. Dorley Mill is looking its prettiest, as he rides along the winding track that leads to it. Trot is sitting in the porch playing with a very fat black and white puppy with a round, stupid-looking head—a puppy that has not long been added to the population of Dorley.

At the sight of Alexis Trot lets fall his pinafore and gives the puppy a sudden drop in the world. It is the youthful animal's first experience of the uncertainty of friendship, and he yelps out his remonstrance against life's delusions.

"Mammie!" yells Trot—"mammie, come out! it's the genlamum." In spite of their familiarity, Trot has never learned to call Alexis any thing but the "genlamum."

Linda is not forth-coming, and Trot remembers presently that mammie has gone down to the village.

"She not be long," says Trot. "I'll show oo my new puppy," and he introduces that animal, held firmly by the tail.

"Daddie says he grow big—ever so big—bigger than Trot," says the boy, opening his eyes tremendously wide. They are hazel eyes, with lashes of gold, which time will darken to brown.

"I'll come in and wait, Trot," says Alexis, dismounting, and tying Titmouse to the gate post. She is a lazy animal, and has no objection to stand there nibbling the grass by the way-side.

He goes in at the familiar porch, beneath which he was carried unconscious on the day of his accident, and seats himself by Linda's work-table. How pleasant the room is to his sight! how home-like! There are the books Linda read to him—the books that seemed to breathe a deeper pathos and holier tenderness when she read; there is her drawing-board, with an unfinished landscape—a wind of the river overshadowed by willows; there are the flowers her hand has arranged; there the sofa on which he passed so many reposeful hours of unthinking happiness.

"Why did I permit myself to be so happy?" he thinks in self-reproach. "It was a pleasant dream, but the return to life's dull reality is a little hard to bear."

He rouses himself from his musing mood and begins to talk to Trot, taking Trot and the puppy on his knee together. Trot stops tolerably quiet, but the puppy begins a perambulation—a voyage of discovery up and down Mr. Secretan's coat sleeves and collar, and even on to his head, which is more familiar than agreeable.

"Well, Trot, you haven't forgotten me, I hope?"

"I not forgotten oo, but I don't love oo no more," replies Trot, decisively.

"Not love me any more! Oh, Trot, that is cruel. Why not?"

"Why oo go 'way and make mammie cry?" demands Trot, facing the accused with magisterial severity.

Alexis crimsons at the interrogation.

"I never made mammie cry," he falters.

"That's a tory; oo did. She cried the day oo went—she cried a little every day—she said it was a headache—Trot knows better—she not such a coward to cry for a headache—Trot doesn't cry when his head aches—he's a man."

"Yes, but mammie's only a woman, Trot, and a headache might make her cry if it was a very bad one. Mammie wouldn't tell a story."

"She says *I* mustn't," responds Trot; "but I think she did. Grown up people may do any thing. Mayn't they tell tories?"

"No, Trot, not good people. Only wicked people tell stories."

A shadow flits across the threshold, and the subject of their conversation enters. Trot scrambles off Mr. Secretan's knee and runs to his adopted mother.

"I told him he was naughty to go away and make oo cry," says Trot, "and he says he didn't."

"Foolish Trot! What silly notions you get into your head!" says Linda, bending over the child, and blushing deeply.

Alexis sees the blush, and he sees something more than that. He sees that Linda has changed within the ten days that have gone by since he left Dorley Mill. A settled pallor succeeds that fleeting red. Her eyes are sunken, and there is a dark line beneath them, which deepens their color and gives them a pathetic expression that touches him to the heart. She has cared for him, she has been sorry for him, and he, poor fettered wretch, dare say no word of his care or his sorrow for her. She must drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, and be told that the man to whom her innocent heart has gone forth is the property of another.

"I have been anxious to come and tell you once more how gratefully I shall ever remember your goodness to me," says Alexis, after they have talked about Trot and Trot's puppy for a few minutes. The puppy is to grow up into a Newfoundland, if it realizes the expectations of its friends; but there is an element of uncertainty in these things, and Alexis has a lurking conviction that this puppy will develop into the mongrelest of mongrels.

"Believe me, neither my grandfather nor I consider our care of you a matter for gratitude, Mr. Secretan," replies Linda. "Providence brought you to our door. We should have been very unchristianlike if we had not cared for you. I think you must know that if you had been the poorest tramp that ever dropped down on the road-side we should have done the same."

"I am quite sure of that," replies Alexis. "And that is why I have never ventured to speak about the expense that my illness must have entailed upon you."

"Pray relieve your mind upon that score. Your housekeeper sent all the broths and jellies, hot-house fruits, poultry, game, and wines from the Grange. I think you only cost us a few new-laid eggs and a little milk. Mrs. Bodlow kept our larder almost too well supplied in her anxiety that you should have nourishing diet."

"Mrs. Bodlow only did her duty. But lightly as you regard the obligation, Miss Challice, it is one which I shall carry to my dying day. If ever I am inclined to make a bad use of this life of mine, I will remember how hard you strove to win it back from the grave. I have ventured to bring you something—a little gold watch, with your initials on the back, which I hope you will wear sometimes in remembrance of the many weary hours you spent by the stranger's sick-bed."

"I will wear it always," replies Linda, with tears in her eyes.

"Oo can't wear two wathes," exclaims Trot. "Oo wear oor fazer's wath."

"I shall keep that among my treasures, Trot; but it is nearly worn out, poor old watch, and I am sure this will keep better time."

"Oo like this best 'cause the genlamum give it oo," cries the far-seeing Trot.

Alexis pretends not to hear this last observation, and produces the meerschaum pipe, which Linda admires amazingly, and which Trot wants to have in his mouth and to make believe to smoke it, as he does sometimes with daddie's homelier clay.

"Dear little Trot," exclaims Alexis, "how your small voice would enliven us at Cheswold Grange! You can not imagine how dull it is there, Miss Challice, in the long summer evenings."

"No? And yet I think I know how long the summer evenings can be. But Trot would not do much to enliven them. He is worn out by seven o'clock. Oh, by-the-way, talking of Trot, I have made one little discovery since you left us."

"What is that?" cries Alexis, eagerly.

"Don't let me raise false expectations. It is such a trifle, scarcely worth mentioning, but you seemed anxious to find out our little darling's parentage, and this seems a clew, however small."

"What is it? Pray tell me. I am most anxious, more anxious than I can explain."

"Pray do not excite yourself, Mr. Secretan. I was looking over some papers in my desk the other day, when I came upon the blank sheet of note-paper that contained that last remittance for Trot—I remember it on account of the peculiar way in which it was folded—and I noticed for the first time that there was a name stamped upon it in the left-hand corner—the name of the stationer who supplied it, no doubt."

"Yes, of course."

"I have saved the sheet of paper to show you. The name is Morgan, Redcastle."

Alexis starts from his chair and seizes Trot as if he would take possession of him on the instant. He is speechless with surprise.

"You know the name of that place?"

"Know it? yes. I have reason, bitter reason, to know it. A small obscure town in Yorkshire. And that money, obviously sent by the child's mother, was sent from Redcastle?"

"One would suppose so."

"There can be no doubt of it. Tell me, Miss Challice, if I were to show you a photograph of the woman you sheltered, the mother of this boy, would you recognize her? The picture I shall show you was taken in the bloom of beauty. You saw her faded, worn by care and deprivation. Should you know the face under such altered conditions?"

"I should know it any where. But why should you be so agitated? Why should the mere name of this place excite you so much?"

"Ask me no questions till I come back to you with the photograph," says Alexis. "I shall go and return as fast as my horse will carry me."

"Pray be careful. Remember—"

"That I have been thrown. Trust me, dear Miss Challice. I will run no risks. I am too anxious to settle the question of Trot's parentage."

He takes the child in his arms, kisses him as he has never kissed him yet in all their friendly companionship, gives him back to Linda, and runs out at the gate.

He has mounted Titmouse and is out of sight before Linda has recovered from her astonishment at his agitation.

"Genlamum's in a hurry!" exclaims Trot.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JESUITS AND THE BIBLE.

By a remarkable revolution Austria and Hungary seem at last to have escaped finally from the rule of the Jesuits which has held them in bondage for nearly three hundred years. In Hungary, we are told by the correspondent of the London *Standard*, the majority of the Diet and ministry are Protestants; that in most of the Austrian towns the educated, influential, and wealthiest class is also Protestant; that the people of Vienna subscribe liberally to aid the persecuted mountaineers of Tyrol and Carinthia, who for centuries have kept the reformed faith in defiance of Rome; and that a Jew is the president of a society the members of which are chiefly Roman Catholics, who annually send gifts, teachers, and evangelists to the descendants of the martyrs who fled from their tormentors to the wild Nass forest and the peaks of the Tyrolese Alps. Nowhere, indeed, have the savage teachings of **LOYOLA** and the Jesuits produced such shocking scenes of religious cruelty as in the provinces that now form the ill-assorted elements of the Austrian realm. Here, in Bohemia, the European Reformation almost found its birth, and the University of Prague, brilliant with the new learning of the fifteenth century, might have won the crown of letters and refinement but for the vengeful arm of Rome. The Council of Constance crushed the chief of its scholars and reformers, a terrible war blasted the fertile land, and Prague was cast down forever from its intellectual eminence. But all Austria and all Bohemia seem still to have kept the memory of the purer faith, and when **LUTHER** summoned Germany to reform, the followers of **HUSS** rose up thick and terrible over all the land where war and persecution had sown a seemingly perpetual decay. Austria and Bohemia and the wild mountain lands of the Alps, the Carinthian, and the Tyrolese joined together in hailing the opening of a better age. The Bible was strewn thickly over the hopeful realm. The nobles, the princes, the peasants, were Protestant, Vienna was a reformed city, and Austria had nearly led the way to a united and a progressive Germany.

But in 1618, when the Pilgrims were planning an emigration to an unknown world, and when the bleak coasts of New England seemed to offer the only refuge of advancing thought, the Jesuits sprang upon hapless Austria and Bohemia, and with a wonderful success reduced them to a perfect and dreadful submission to the Papal Church. **FERDINAND II.**, Emperor of Germany, the "Catholic," as he was named by his papal subjects, the "Murderous," by the Protestants, filled Germany with the barbarities of a religious war. Educated by the Jesuits, encouraged by their fanatical visions, the slave of a frightful superstition, **FERDINAND** massacred or exiled every Protestant in Austria and Bohemia. The Bible was banished from every home; the schools were closed except to Jesuit teachers. In the dreadful war that followed, one-half the population of Germany perished to gratify the wild malice of the disciples of **LOYOLA** and to fulfill the vengeance of Rome. Of these wars the single symbol was the Bible. "Banish the Bible from your homes and your schools," exclaimed the Jesuits to the affrighted people of Vienna and Prague, in the seventeenth century, "or we will bind you to the stake, seize your goods, snatch from you your children." "Banish your Bibles from the schools and the nation," they cry, in the nineteenth, to the people of New York and St. Louis, "or we will bring upon you the judgments of the infallible Church." They were successful, yet by a sanguinary process that history shudders to recall. Austria and Bohemia were chained bleeding and fallen to the decaying empire of papal Rome. Southern Germany sank into a dull lethargy.* Protestant Prussia may attribute its supremacy to the day when **FERDINAND** the Catholic enforced the Jesuit rule over his wasted and miserable realm.

From that moment Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia became the scoff of intelligent Germans, the seat of an irrational superstition. It was believed that every trace of Protestantism had been banished from their midst. The Jesuits watched over the decaying realm with cruel vigilance. Nor could their jealous observation discover for many years a single Bible or Bible reader amidst the dull and dissolute population that obeyed the house of **HAPSBURG** and the popes of Rome. Yet suddenly the fatal discovery was made that they had been strangely deceived. High up amidst the wildest peaks of the Tyrolean Alps, in the valleys of Salzburg and in the thick forests of Nass, among the poor miners who delved in the earth for salt and sometimes for gold, the seeds of the early Reformation had never perished. The Bible had been multiplied in secret. The people, while they conformed to all the public rites of the papacy, still in private held their simple faith, and abjured the Roman heresy. It was a period of intense corruption in the German prelacy. A Bishop of Cologne was a temporal prince, passing his days and nights amidst the sensual delights of Paris. The Bishop of Salzburg lived in splendid luxury amidst a starving people. Yet the cruelty of the Papal Church surpassed its corruption, and at once, in 1685, the Jesuits let loose the rage of persecution upon the simple Bible readers of the Tyrolean valleys. Soldiers were quartered in the trembling villages. The fires of the Inquisition blazed among the wild and lovely scenery of the Tyrol. Hundreds perished; children of Protestants were torn from their parents and sent to the Jesuit schools; a vast population was driven into exile amidst the horrors of a terrible winter, and all the Northern German states welcomed with pity the wandering and persecuted people. They sang as they went the song, "I am a poor exile," and found friends wherever they came. Once more the Jesuits believed that they had extirpated the Bible readers, and still again they were deceived. For still a remnant of the devoted people met at night in the depths of the woods, or in the most secluded valleys of Carinthia and the Tyrol, to celebrate the simple ritual they had received from their fathers. The story of the Salzburgers is known to all. The scourge, the rack, the tower of Werfen, whence they were hung in long chains two hundred feet below the battlements, the perpetual Inquisition, the final exile, are the last efforts of Jesuitical rage. Bible in hand, singing hymns of joy (1731–43), the faithful people left their native woods and mountains. Some settled in hospitable Prussia, others crossed the ocean and came to find in North Carolina or Pennsylvania a safe refuge from the malice of the Jesuits. But Tyrol, Carinthia, and Styria were, it was thought, so wholly freed from Protestantism as to have become the surest bulwark of the Austrian papacy. Eight hundred Bibles were burned in a single village; two hundred martyrs perished in a single year.*

But still the secret associations survived by a wonderful tenacity from generation to generation, and the lovely scenery of the Tyrol witnessed the constant celebration of Protestant rites in the depths of its loneliest valleys. The Bibles were still preserved from age to age, hidden carefully. Persecution never left the valleys, and even in 1837 four hundred of the people of Ziller were banished because they were Protestants. The Jesuits ruled in Austria, and an Irish Count **TAAFFE** was the persecuting governor of the Tyrol. At last Sadowa reformed, while it humiliated, Austria; the Jesuit influence perished; a Protestant minister ruled at Vienna; a period of reform began. The Jesuits were driven from the public schools, and the Bible might at last be read freely in a land from which they had so often banished it in fearful torments. The Bible readers have conquered at last, and Austria has already taken its place among the nations that have learned humanity. One of the most pleasing proofs of so graceful a change is the interest shown by all liberal Austrians in the Bible readers of the Tyrolean Alps. Here a congregation or a church has been found to exist which has outlived three centuries of persecution. Its earnestness, strict morality, and abhorrence of the papal corruptions have formed its members into a peculiar people, honest, industrious, sincere. The Nass Valley is one of the chief retreats of this sylvan congregation. Seated amidst the tall Alpine peaks, covered with forests, its hardy wood-cutters read the same Bibles that have lain hidden from the Jesuits and the persecutors for a hundred years—in which their forefathers of the seventeenth century found consolation in exile and penury, and which in the nineteenth have come out like blazing portents on the mountains of the fate of papal Rome. Austria and Hungary, Protestant and liberal, are turning with a kind of penitential reverence to the Bible readers of the Tyrolean valleys, lament the fierce persecutions of the past, and cover with gifts the evangelical churches that are springing up amidst the forests and pinnacles of the Austrian Alps.

Baffled in their attempts to drive the Bible and its readers from Austrian territory, the Jesuits have crossed the ocean, and the descendants of their early victims, the Salzburgers or the Huguenots, may hear with wonder in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, or New York the cry of their early persecutors revived in the New World. As yet the Jesuits demand only the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools. They can not as yet burn it in great pyres, as they were wont to do in the Salzburg valleys. They can not confiscate the property of every person who reads the Bible, snatch from him his children, drive his family into exile, or bind him to the stake. These things they can not yet even attempt to do. But they have entered into our politics with a bitter vehemence that shows that the spirit that prompted the worst crimes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries still burns fiercely in their breasts. No one can read the Jesuit journals that have sprung up in all our cities without being startled at the vindictive rage with which they assail the Protestant Bible and all its readers, or that system of education which came from the foresight of **LUTHER**. No one can avoid feeling that the *Catholic World*, the Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph*, the *Univers*, the *Catholic Review*, and a host of similar papers would not only defend the persecutions of the Salzburgers, but would aid in snatching the Bible from the homes of the simple peasants, or drive them into a new exile. As yet the Jesuits have only been able to seduce the Democratic party into a close alliance with the papal party. They move slowly, yet they have already achieved a wonderful success. Every Democratic leader is at their mercy. They elected **ALLEN** in Ohio, **TILDEN** in New York, carried Connecticut, threaten Massachusetts. "If you do not obey us," they say to their Democratic chiefs, "we will drive you from power; we will place a brand upon you that every Catholic will know." If you are submissive and docile, we promise you "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote." In Mankato, Minnesota, a correspondent of the Ashland (Ohio) *Times* relates: "The walls of the new Jesuit college are up, and the roof nearly on. Over a dozen priests are here already, and their influence is being felt. At the Democratic Convention a few days ago all the men nominated for county officers were Catholics. The whole thing was done in the usual quiet way of the Jesuits." The city of New York has been ruled in this way for twenty years. The majority of the Democratic members of the present House of Representatives owe their election to the papal vote. The people of the Union are still unconscious of the silent preponderance of the ultramontanes in the Democratic party. Protestant Democrats still give their votes for the candidates of the Jesuits. But the wail of the persecuted Salzburgers, the flames of the blazing Bibles, the touching faith of the Tyrolean valleys, might well teach them to shrink with horror from the political alliance of the foreign priests.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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* Menzel, Ges. Deutschen, Die Salzburger Emigration, 991.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The latest novelty among adjuncts to stoves and fire-places consists in the employment of a bright nickel-plated sheet of metal, suspended over the fire, and adjusted in proper position by a crank, the rod of which passes through the side of the stove or fire-place. While the fire is being kindled, the plate is turned toward the front to protect it from being smoked, but when the fire is fairly burning, the plate is turned back at an angle of forty-five degrees, as indicated by the wheel on the side of the stove. The result is described about as follows: The reflection from the bright metallic surface produces the effect of a double fire, and adds greatly to its cheerfulness. In addition to this, it is claimed that the large amount of heat thus reflected by the plate is, to a great extent, a clear gain, and that the effect of its employment is readily perceived in increased warmth at quite a distance from its source. Furthermore, it is claimed that the rush of air usually passing up the chimney of an open stove or grate, and which makes this excellent form of heating apparatus so expensive in rapid consumption of fuel, is checked and thrown down on the fuel, producing surface combustion, while the draught at the base may be shut off, giving a clear, bright fire, without wasteful consumption of coal.

Among the various abnormal methods of incubation none are more curious than the habit of certain fishes of the cat-fish family of keeping the eggs in the mouth until the young are hatched, this act being generally performed by the male. Quite recently M. **LORTÉT** has added to the list the *Chromis paterfamilias*, as observed in a stream near the borders of the Sea of Tiberias, and not far from the ancient Capernaum. In this case the female deposits her eggs in a sandy depression in the bed of the stream, and the male sucks them into his mouth, and by some peculiar action causes them to be interpolated between the plates of the gills, where they are held without disturbance. The period of incubation is not mentioned, but the young, when hatched, leaving the gills, pass forward into the cavity of the mouth, where they remain closely packed, heads forward, the cheeks of the parent swelling out as the young increase in size, and presenting a most singular appearance. A few of the young sometimes remain between the branchial plates, but most of them pass forward as stated. M. **LORTÉT** did not ascertain at what period the young left the mouth of the parent, but presumed that they remained there a considerable time. Whether, after they once leave, they re-enter for protection, is not stated. It is very remarkable that the young are not swallowed by the parent while in their receptacle.

The following statement—highly interesting if true—is now being circulated on the basis of "a letter just received from Greece." The original Laurium Company, which almost provoked an international conflict, while working the surface at Laurium purchased the subsoil corresponding to that surface. The subsoil was not (avowedly, at least) explored, and remained unworked and unknown. Recently, however, the company, having sold the surface only to their successors, employed an engineer to examine this subsoil. His research was rewarded by the discovery of a number of wells, now filled up, which had served in ancient times for the working of the mines. In one of these mines, situated about the centre of the tract, and which appeared as though abandoned for ages, he found the miners' tools and heaps of ore about them—the mine, in short, in the very state the Greeks, surprised, doubtless, by some unexpected attack, had left it. Encouraged by this unexpected discovery, excavations were made, which are affirmed to have brought to light deposits of silver, lead, and calamine of incalculable richness. Presuming the foregoing to be true, it would disprove the current belief that these mines had been abandoned on account of their exhaustion.

A series of tests of the excellence of the **HOOKER** process of condensing milk was lately made before several of the English technical societies. There was exhibited at the rooms of one of these—the London Society of Arts—a mass of condensed milk weighing about one hundredweight, which had been exposed to the action of the atmosphere for four years and three months, with so little deterioration of quality that it afforded within a few minutes, by churning, an excellent quality of butter.

The Paris Maritime Exhibition afforded the opportunity for the experimental demonstration of the great value of the "Gay Safety Mattress," an indorsement in which all accounts agree. The device, which is both a mattress and, in case of necessity, a life-preserver, is formed of two rows of blocks made of cork cuttings, lightly compressed by machinery within a water-proof case, and the whole covered with canvas. It forms ordinarily a mattress, which is intended to be placed in every cot or berth, and makes a bed which is said to be very elastic and easy to lie upon. Its weight is about six and a half pounds, and it is constructed in such a manner that it can be quickly put about the person, forming then a double belt, attached in such a way that it can not possibly be displaced. The whole process of rising from the mattress, attaching it to the person, and entering the water was performed at the exhibition within three-quarters of a minute. The limbs are not confined nor the motions of swimming interfered with. It places within reach of every passenger an efficient and reliable life-preserver in any sudden emergency, and appears to be the most sensible and practical device of this kind as yet invented.

The Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, London, have recently had a great addition to their attractions in the opening of a new house for the larger carnivora, where the fine collection of these animals possessed by the society is seen to much greater advantage than in the very cramped quarters in which they had hitherto been lodged.

The new Winter Garden, near the Houses of Parliament, will very shortly be open, and will be one of the most attractive resorts for visitors to London. In addition to fresh and salt water aquaria on a gigantic scale, and a magnificent collection of tropical and subtropical plants, the directors have arranged for extensive reading-rooms, concerts, a skating rink, and a variety of other attractions. The undertaking is held in shares, which are understood to have been already entirely taken up.

One of the most important of geographical enterprises is that which Lieutenant **CAMERON**, of the British service, has lately accomplished in crossing the whole of the continent of Africa, from Zanzibar to Loanda, the entire journey having taken two years and eight months. He left the eastern coast, near Zanzibar, on the 24th of March, 1873, reached Ujiji on the 21st of February, 1874, left for the west coast on the 18th of May, 1874, and arrived at Loanda in November last. It appears that he was not able to follow the Congo on leaving Lake Tanganyika, but was obliged to take a more southerly course; but allows the inference that the lake is really the head of the Congo River, as recently maintained.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea-god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse-races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

An Irishman, upon seeing a squirrel shot from a tree, said, "Faith and that's a waste of powder; the fall itself would have killed the squirrel."

Basket plaids are very fashionable this year. A visitor at Sing Sing says that all the men there except the guards were dressed in the popular fashion.

Frogs were the original greenbacks, and since they first drew breath they have been inflationists.

Why is a man who can't learn by experience like a laurel?—Because he is an evergreen.

Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards?—Because at chess you play with two bishops, and at cards you play with four knaves.

DISTRESSING SPECTACLE—A short-sighted person looking into futurity.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Because both fail to get rich.

It is related of Sydney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a waterless desert?—Because every watch has a spring in it.

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her, and she in turn had pushed it against him; whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife a-doring each other.

"A pair of pretty eyes is the best mirror to shave by." Swincher says he has known many a man to be shaved by them. We have known many a man to be saved by them.

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you;" but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you may have me."

"Arrah, Pat, an' why did I marry ye, jist tell me that? for it's meself that's had to maintain ye iver since the blessed day that Father O'Flannigan sint me to yer home." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, "an' it's meself that hopes that I may live to see the day you're a widow waping over the cowld sod that kivers me—thin, by St. Pathrick, I'll see how ye git along widout me, honey."

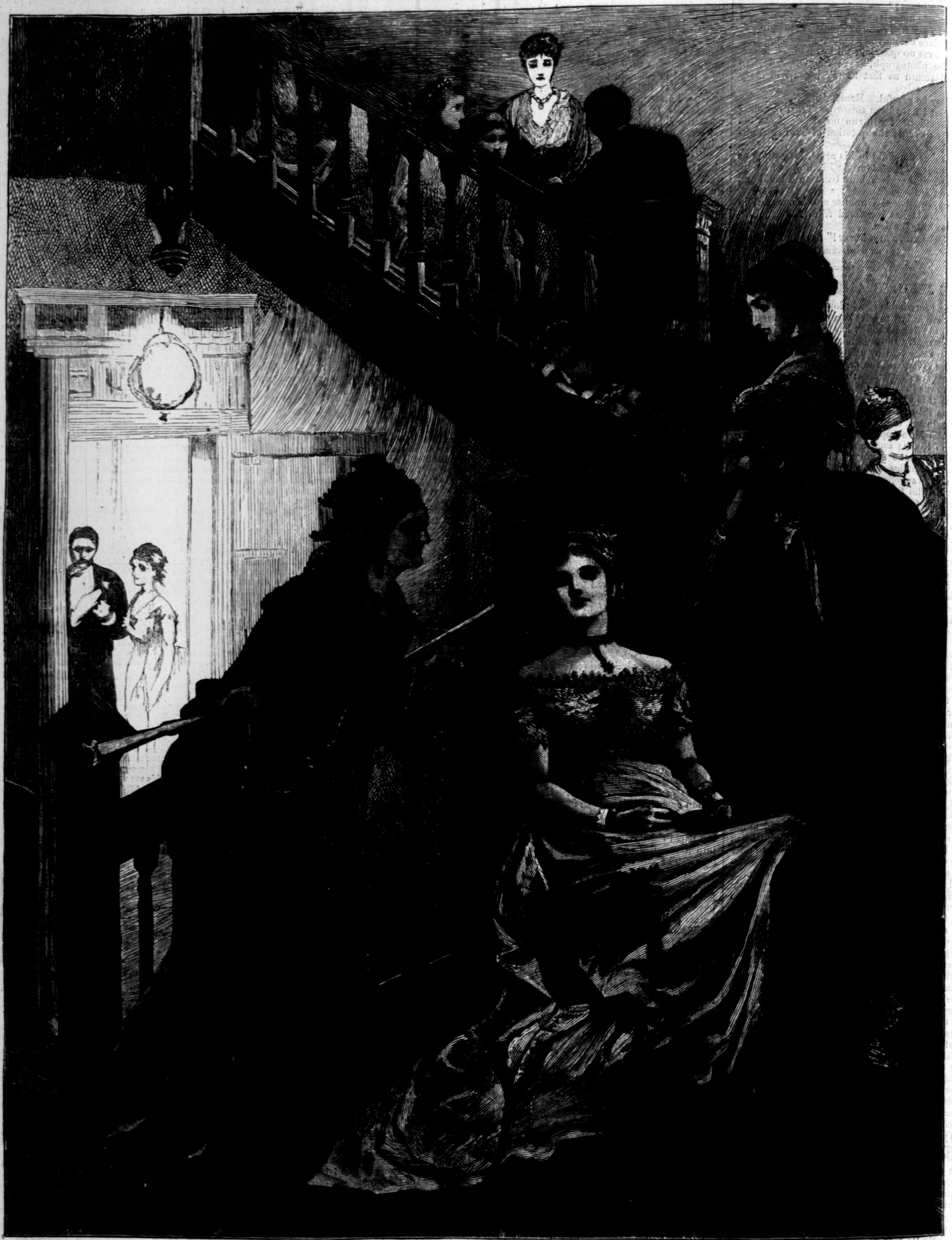
HIGH-CLASS LITERATURE—Giant stories.

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think, miss, my mustaches are becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, Sir, they may be *coming*, but they have not yet arrived."

The following is an Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole, and pour brass or iron all round it."

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician's diploma was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you propose and are rejected," was the reply that greeted the amazed questioner.

Two countrymen seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him: "Vot's that ere gemman?" "Vy, he's a naturalist." "Vot's that?" "Vy, von who catches gnats, to be sure."



FLIRTING *VERSUS* DANCING.

JANUARY married June
Some time last December:
Phew! such weather, Jack, my boy,
No one can remember.

Winter, like an aged fool,
Soon forgot his duty—
Gave no hint of ice or snow,
Just to please the beauty.

Mist and fog with sickly breath
O'er the earth kept creeping;
But the lady, unappeased,
Drowned us with her weeping.

Tompkins gave a ball, you know—
Mercury at eighty;
Ventilation was too scarce,
Partners were too weighty.

Soon the rooms began to thin—
Gracious! what a flitting!
Just outside upon the stairs
Half the crowd were sitting.

There upon the lower step
Rested lovely Kitty,
Prettiest girl you ever saw
Here in New York city.

Eyes the very brightest blue,
Cheeks as red as roses;
Old Miss Nibby's heiress, too,
Every one supposes.

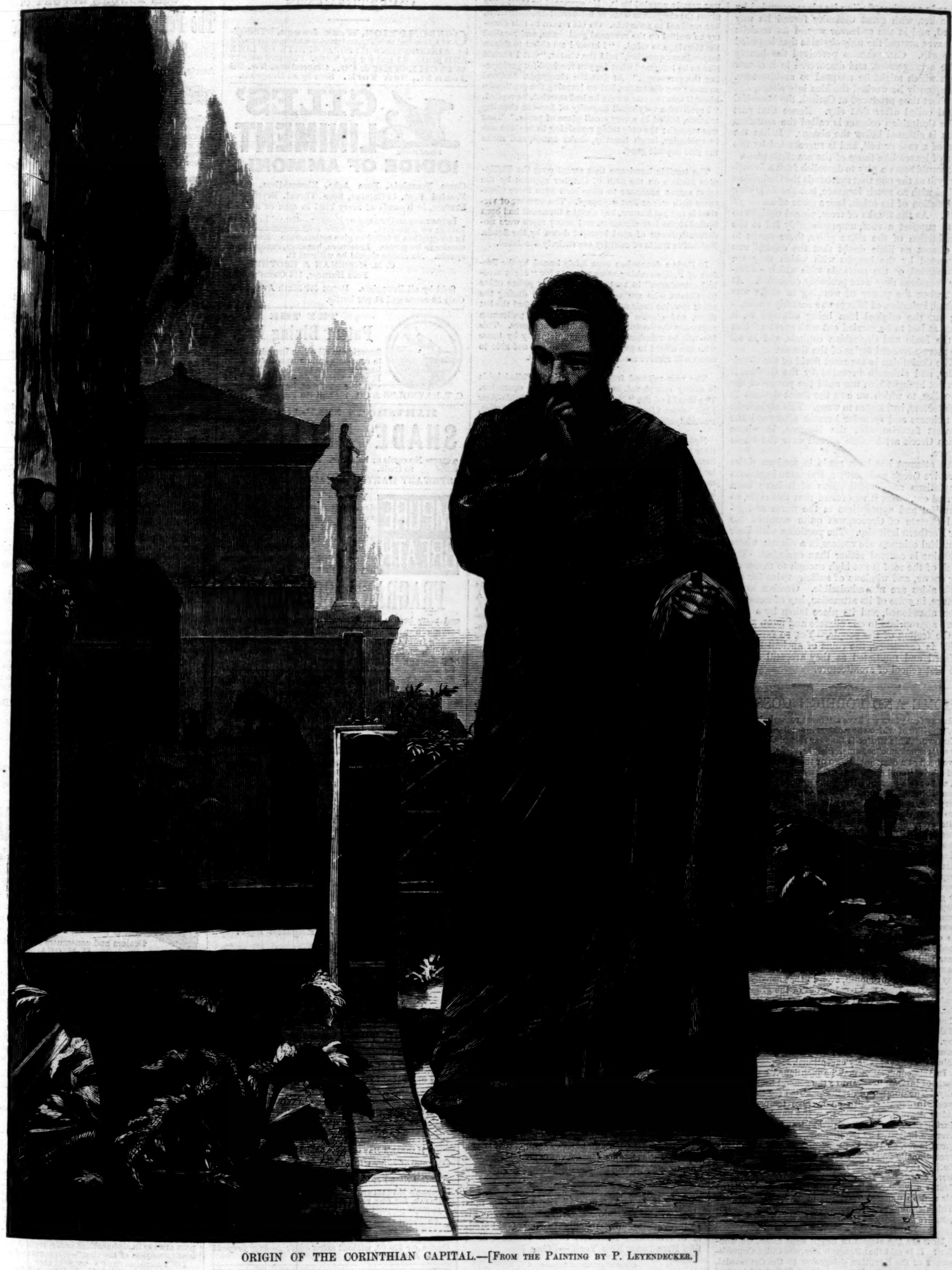
What cared I for song or dance?
O'er her I was bending:
Old Miss Nibby saw the glance
Eyes to eyes were sending.

Out she came with awful smile,
Rage in every feature—
Praise the power that broke the mould
When it shaped that creature!

How she glared upon my girl!
Called her rash and silly;
Ordered her to leave the stairs;
Said they were too chilly.

Pshaw! I saw old Nibby's eyes
Plumb my empty pockets—
Thought I couldn't buy the girl
Silks or diamond lockets.

Didn't know that Kate and I
Have a taste for pottage,
That we mean to eat it, too,
With Cupid in a cottage.



ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.—[From the Painting by P. Leyendecker.]

THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

Architecture has been described by the German writer **Schlegel** as "frozen music." As Italy is known as the birth-place of song, so is her neighbor, Greece, the native home of architectural art. No country was ever adorned like her. Even in ruins her buildings still retain their beauty, and her rare marbles have preserved for ages their most delicate carving. Wherever a Greek went in his own country, he beheld among architecture and sculpture objects that refined his mind and gratified his natural taste for the beautiful. The poetic nature of the people appeared even in their edifices, and among them a building was looked upon as an expression of exalted sentiment.

In classical architecture it is by the capitals of pillars more than by any other feature that the different orders are distinguished, just as the Gothic styles are always marked by the form of the arch. The three capitals which alone belong to pure Greek architecture are the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian. Their origin, like that of every thing else pertaining to art or science in Greece, is surrounded by a mythical and fabulous history. Thus the Doric is said to have been copied from the early wooden huts of the aborigines. The Ionic, which sprang up among the Greek colonists in Asia Minor, was, according to tradition, modeled on the graceful proportions of the female figure, as the Doric had been on the more robust proportions of a man, the volutes representing the curls of the hair, the fluting the folds of the drapery, etc. These are described in **Thomson**'s well-known lines so concisely and accurately that the poet has impressed their differences upon us as distinctly as a prose writer could have done:

"First, unadorned
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The Ionic, then, with decent matron grace
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant, last,
The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath."

Our engraving on this page illustrates the beautiful little legend to which the origin of the Corinthian column is traced, and shows the romance with which the imaginative minds of the Greeks loved to invest even their architectural designs. **Callimachus**, one of the most eminent grammarians and poets of the Alexandrian period, was one day wandering about the suburbs of Corinth, in the place where the Greeks were accustomed to bury their dead. In an obscure corner, in default of any other monument to mark its resting-place, an old nurse had placed upon the grave of a child a basket containing the toys with which it had been wont to amuse itself while living. By accident the basket was placed above the root of an acanthus plant. This shrub, one of the most beautiful of all the rare plants to be found in the Grecian islands, has broad, flexible, prickly leaves, which perish in winter and sprout again at the return of spring. In order to secure the basket in its place, and in some measure to protect the toys, a square slab of marble was laid upon the top. When the warm breath of spring began to call the plants and flowers into new life, the hardy acanthus, finding its place occupied by the basket, with great difficulty forced its way upward, and in the endeavor wound its tendrils and leaves around the ugly obstacle that impeded its growth. CALLIMACHUS perceived the beauty of the arrangement, and discovered in it a new design which might be adapted to architecture. Subsequently he worked the idea into shape, and in a short time produced at Corinth the beautiful capital called after that city. Hence that part of the Corinthian column is called the acanthus which is situated below the abacus. It has the form of a vase or bell, and is surrounded by two rows of leaves like those of the acanthus plant.

It would seem a pity to demolish such a beautiful myth as the one that surrounds the Corinthian capital with so much romance, but the following explanation of its origin bears more of an air of truth. As the trunks of trees, placed upright so as to support a roof, unquestionably led to the introduction of the stone pillar, there seems to be almost as little doubt that the capital was suggested by the boughs with which they are surmounted, or the garlands with which on festive occasions they were probably encircled. At first, when the power of working in stone was limited, imitation of foliage was scarcely attempted; but the original idea being adhered to, it came at last to be carried out with great success in the Ionic and Corinthian capitals, and in all the more advanced styles of the Gothic.

The Corinthian is the most florid of the Greek styles, and although invented by the Greeks, it was not brought into use until the power of the republics, to which we owe the finest designs in architecture, had begun to wane. This style from its richness and splendor became afterward the greatest favorite with the Romans, in whose hands Greek art became spread over the whole empire.

An attempt has been made in modern times to revive Greek architecture, and some ingenious adaptations and modifications of it have been carried out. But it was found that this style, so beautiful and appropriate in the warm and genial climate of Greece, was quite unsuited for our Northern latitudes. The porticoes with their beautiful columns are useless in a climate where sunshine is courted rather than excluded. The pitch of the roof is not high enough to throw off our snows, and windows of sufficient size for our dark skies are not admissible. Grecian architecture, in spite of its attraction, has of necessity been abandoned, and its place taken by a style more appropriate to our climate and more suited to the feeling of the people. Yet, so far as art itself is concerned, the ruins of ancient Greece, defaced and mutilated as they are, still remain the best school of architecture.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY few years we have a "most remarkable winter," the like of which the "oldest inhabitant" has never known. This winter is thus far regarded as one of those "remarkable" seasons. Sleighs, sleds, and skates have been at a discount. Two or three times we have had a brief "cold snap," but mild weather has prevailed, and at this present writing the ground has scarcely been whitened by snow. To be sure, we look for it every day, and our city may be all "blocked up" before these lines meet the reader's eye. No weather suits every body, and the lack of ice and snow has caused much lamentation among the young people who long for skating and merry rides behind the jingling sleigh-bells. But the poor rejoice in the comparative comfort of the season. And it is always a perpetual problem in our city what to do with the snow when it does come. Every body, however, would be glad of an *ice* season long enough to guarantee an ample supply of summer luxury and necessity. A hundred years ago—so say the records—the month of January was unusually mild. Boston Harbor lacked its ordinary supply of ice, and military matters were modified in consequence. Perhaps this Centennial year will, in this respect, closely resemble 1776. A newspaper of Portland, Maine, states that on the 1st day of the present month, even in that usually severe climate, the frost was coming out of the ground, the buds were swelling, and the air milder than it often is there on the 1st of May. But it also mentions that about twenty-eight years ago farmers in some of the Maine towns commenced plowing on the 1st of January. These vagaries of weather are common in our climate, only we are always forgetting the past, and think the present is very exceptional.

In this connection may be mentioned one or two facts of interest in regard to the general health of our city. The number of deaths reported for the second week in January, with an average temperature of thirty degrees, is 169 less than the number reported during the corresponding period last year, when the average indicated by the thermometer was eleven degrees lower, so that the general health of the city is exceptionally good; but one fact is worthy of note: during the eight weeks preceding January 15 there were 656 deaths from diphtheria—an average of 82 deaths a week. This indicates an excess of vitiated air and an unusual development of malarial poison. This alarming prevalence of diphtheria shows the imperative necessity of strict sanitary regulations.

How are the streets in Egypt kept clean, we wonder? It is said that Brugsch Bey, the Chief Commissioner of the Egyptian delegation to the Centennial, remarks upon the dirty streets of Philadelphia, and says that Cairo is a much cleaner city. What would he think of some of the out-of-the-way streets of New York?

A monster petition is reported from Utah to Congress, asking that the Territory be admitted as a State, and signed by 23,360 Mormon women. It is said, however, that it must be doubtful whether there are at present 23,000 women over eighteen years of age in Utah. The petition is doubtless the work of "Church authorities," and Mormon women would never question this authority.

A wealthy gentleman about to be married placed in his vest pocket a $100 greenback, designing to give it to the clergyman as a marriage fee. When the ceremony was over and the parson paid, the young couple started for Europe. While crossing the ocean the bridegroom discovered the $100 bill in his pocket, and was greatly puzzled by it. He supposed he must have given the clergyman a bill of a different denomination, but resolved to ascertain. On his return to this country he waited on the reverend gentleman, and recalled the marriage to mind. "I know I am about to ask an impertinent question," said the visitor, "but I should like to be informed what fee you received for performing the ceremony." At first the clergyman declined to make any disclosure, but on learning the gentleman himself was the one whom he had married, he replied, "I received a very small quantity of fine-cut chewing tobacco, folded in a very small piece of paper." That was enough; the only thing remaining to be done was to apologize, laugh heartily, shake hands, and make the $100 deposit good.

The terrible hurricane that swept over the Philippine Islands on the 30th of October appears by the most recent accounts to have been even more disastrous than was at first supposed. The number of victims is not yet known, but about a thousand had been buried at the last accounts, and many more were underneath heaps of sand brought down by the floods. Extensive tracts of country are entirely desolated.

In Paris a decree has been lately issued by the Prefect of Police making arrangements for "night medical attendance" in that city. At every police office physicians who are willing to be called during the night inscribe their names. Any one may find the list there, and choose whom he pleases. A policeman summons the doctor, and gives him ten francs. This fee will be reimbursed to the municipality by those who can afford to pay, but those who are not able to do so will receive medical assistance gratis.

The new railroad from New York to Philadelphia is nearly completed, and will soon be in operation. The length of the "New York and Philadelphia New Line," from Liberty Street in this city to Berk Street, Philadelphia, is eighty-eight miles.

Not long ago a cruel man threw a small dog into the river from the railroad bridge in Rochester, New York. Instead of drifting over the fall, the dog reached a large piece of ice near the brink of it. There he remained four days, his moaning being most painful to hear. On the fourth day two small boys who passed over the bridge determined to rescue him. They walked through the cold water, where a single misstep would have sent them to their death over the fall, picked up the poor dog, and regained the bridge in safety, amidst the hearty applause of those who had witnessed the daring deed.

An additional horticultural building is to be erected on the Centennial grounds to accommodate applicants for space in which to exhibit flowers, plants, etc. A gentleman of Knoss Hill Nursery, Surrey, England, has written to the secretary of the British Commission that he proposes to make a fine display of rhododendrons. He asks to be provided with a tent 150 by 50 feet, with a supply of water and hose, and that the ground be prepared according to a plan of his own.

The following incident is related of Von Bülow. At one of the concerts in New York city a sheet of the piano music was by mistake left in the anteroom, and it was not missed by the famous pianist until the gentleman who was turning the pages for him saw the error and glided rapidly off the stage to get it. Von Bülow continued to play, coolly improvising a sort of adagio movement, while the violinists gazed wildly at him, until the missing notes were placed before him, when he resumed the theme.

The inhabitants of the Neilgherries, as a token of their loyalty to the Prince of Wales, have presented him with an elegant album containing eighty photographs of hill scenery. The description of each view is printed below it in gold letters. The covers of the album are of plain polished sandal-wood, with four gold corner medallions, and an oval-shaped gold plate in the centre, with an appropriate inscription in silver. There are numerous other ornamentations on the covers and back, and the album is inclosed in a handsome purple morocco case lined with velvet.

The cold weather which has prevailed all over France to an unusual degree has driven a great number of wolves out of the woods. Some serious depredations have recently occurred among flocks of sheep. The Minister of the Interior calls attention to these attacks, and suggests that regular wolf hunts would be beneficial. Premiums are given for the destruction of these ravenous animals.

This is the way scandal grows and spreads: A young Pennsylvania pastor boarded in the same house and roomed with a dry-goods merchant, and was frequently in his friend's store, and often assisted him. Not long ago he bought forty-nine cents' worth of goods, leaned over the counter, dropped a two-dollar bill into the money drawer, and took out the change. Some customers saw him, guessed he was stealing, and circulated the story in the village. And from this speedily grew the tale that the young pastor was a veteran till tapper, and had raided on nearly every money drawer in town. But the church and the pastor went straightway to work and traced the scandal back to its starting-place, the store-keeper and his two clerks explained the circumstances, a vote of confidence was unanimously passed, and the little village is quiet once more.

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Office 921 Chestnut St., Phil'a.

Assets, January 1, 1875		$4,590,763.55
Receipts.		
Premiums received	$1,311,629.99	
Interest received	317,150.47	
		1,628,774.46
Deferred payments not due or unreported	62,811.93	
Accrued Interest on stocks, mortgages, &c.	74,366.54	
Increase in value of stocks over cost	128,232.49	265,410.96
		$6,484,948.97
Disbursements.		
Losses and endowment paid	$317,984.26	
Dividends allowed to reduce premiums	285,871.50	
Surrendered [illegible] cancelled policies	157,459.41	
Re-insurance [illegible] paid other companies	26,939.44	
Commissions, salaries, and agency expenses	146,024.83	
Advertising, printing, medical fees, &c.	28,118.04	
Taxes, licenses, and legal expenses	18,222.25	980,619.73
Assets at market value		$5,504,329.24
Assets, Jan. 1, 1876.		
United States Bonds, Philadelphia, and other stocks and loans		1,770,477.50
Mortgages and ground rents upon property appraised at $5,334,200, all first liens.		1,971,308.84
Real Estate owned by Co.		349,136.53
Premium notes and loans secured by collateral		853,610.13
Cash on hand and in trust companies		191,916.62
Scrip dividends held by Co.		113,080.00
Balance in hands of agents.		17,953.48
All other securities		236,846.14
		$5,504,329.24
Liabilities.		
Losses reported, but not yet due	$90,920.00	
Reserve at 4 per cent. interest, required to insure outstanding risks	$4,553,118.00	
Scrip yet outstanding	113,080.00	
		4,756,438.00
Surplus to policy holders, 4 per cent. basis		747,891.24
Surplus to policy holders, 4½ per cent. basis		1,083,091.24
Total number of policies issued in 1875		2093
Policies in force Jan. 1, 1876.		9545
Amount at risk		$28,389,363.00

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Out
Into

CHORUS.—Dri
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And bring it

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CHORUS.—O
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LINK

POVERTY,

I.—A W

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"HENRY.—R

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s, an exception is some-
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er taken to Mr. Dela-
ive dislike to him had
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, "'Ware Delamarre!"
sary warning, since the
the recuperative powers
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order, was so great that
run the risk of the Sec-

of Henry Bighorne's
as leisurely dressing at
t, at the early hour of
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ycock? He must have
t the Home Secretary."
was some mistake, and
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eing you at once."
up here."
—a broad, serious-faced

said, "but information
sts you particularly. I
up and see you about it

Inspector," said Dela-
ces. "But is it really
t break into my dress-

Sir, when you've heard
, shortly—like a man
d how to keep it.
wonderful information
friend."
Did you happen, Sir,
who lived at —— St.

rre, with a little laugh.
ething, and now you're

if you know any thing
ut; and if you don't,
ing a pocket-book from
nd took out an envel-
le hand to Mr. Dela-

iting, Sir?"
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t to make, make it—
kfast is waiting."
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said, standing in front
velope—" Delamarre
nd, and was about to
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ietly—"you can't de-

and said, "Oh! I was
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, however."
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t the inquest," inter-
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ak and black felt hat,
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he said, "you fellows
ng things together in
ories that you make
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that stood in Mrs.
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uainted with her, and
ed with me. But you
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rk, and was deliver-
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Elliston. Claymore
, Ad.' You remem-
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tain Coke, was made
was dropped out of
llhouse's room."
replied Delamarre,
of the world. You
ld. There is no use
rivate life, and mak-
thing. I can assure
ith Mrs. Bellhouse's
nto the fire."
ve been in the hands

must do his duty.
It may be a case

UED.]

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LADY'S GABRIELLE WRAPPER	" 35
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ENGLISH SACQUE, with Long Apron-Front and Clinging Demi-Trained Skirt	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED WALKING JACKET, Empress Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
WORTH BASQUE AND FULL-TRAINED TRIMMED SKIRT	" 51
Vol. VIII.	
DOUBLE-POINTED BASQUE, LONG TABLIER, AND POUF SKIRT	" 1
LONG FUR-LINED CLOAK, with Long Walking Skirt	" 3
FUR-LINED CIRCULAR, with Three-quarter Trained Skirt	" 3
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JOAN OF ARC BASQUE, with Apron Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 15
HENRI TROIS SACQUE, with Bouffant Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 17
MANTLE, with Shirred Tablier and Walking Skirt	" 17
SHIRRED BASQUE, with Shirred Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 19
CHILD'S WARDROBE, Box-Pleated Blouse, Gabrielle, Yoke Slip, and Sacque (for child from 6 months to 5 years old)	" 21
PLEATED BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Deep, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
MARGUERITE BASQUE AND OVER-SKIRT, with Walking Skirt	" 25
FRENCH WALKING JACKET, with Short Back and Long Sides, Triple Apron, and Long Walking Skirt	" 26
LOOSE BASQUE, with Cardinal Cape, Square Apron, and Walking Skirt	" 33
LOUIS XV. JACKET, Apron Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED FRENCH JACKET, Sheath Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt	" 41
CUIRASS BASQUE, Long Square Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 43
JOCKEY BASQUE, Double Apron with Scarf Back, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 43
MARQUISE SACQUE, with Double-Breasted Vest, Trimmed Skirt, and Short Court Train.	" 43
LONG CLOAK, Apron with Upright Folds, and Six-Gore Walking Skirt	" 45
DOUBLE-BREASTED CUIRASS BASQUE, with Byron Collar, Revers Over-skirt, and Clinging Walking Skirt	" 46
ARMOR BASQUE, Scarf Over-skirt, with Reticule Pocket, and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 46
MARGUERITE PELISSE, with Six-Gore Walking Skirt	" 48
PRINCESSE DRESS	" 48
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Princesse Dress, Kilt Suit (Double-Breasted Sacque, Basque Buttoned Behind, and Kilt Skirt) and Vest Over Dress (for girl from 2 to 9 years old)	" 50
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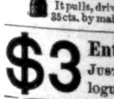

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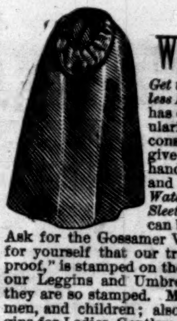

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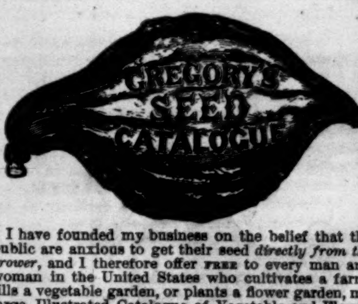

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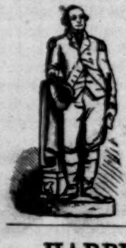

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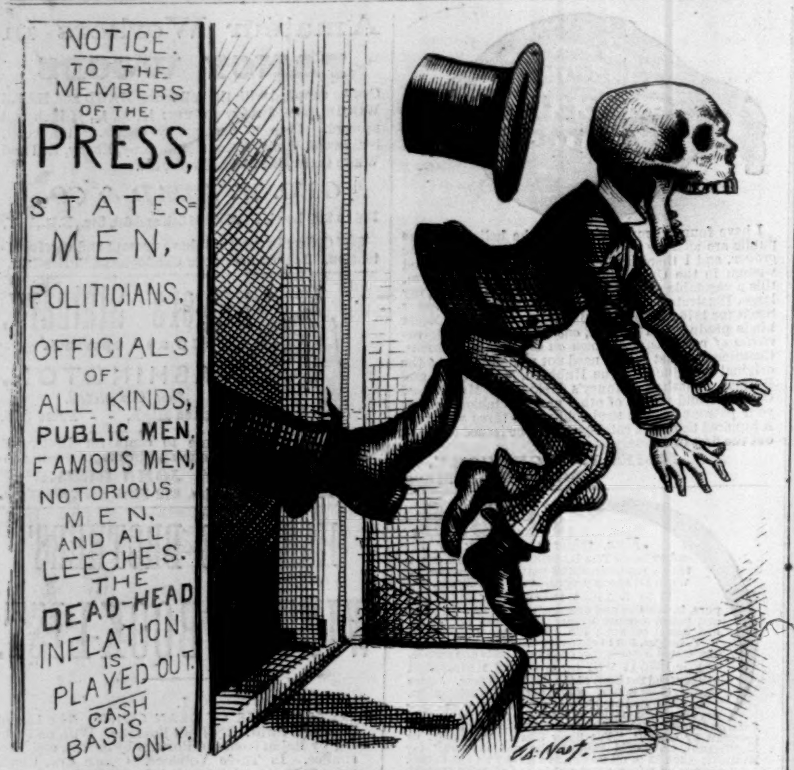

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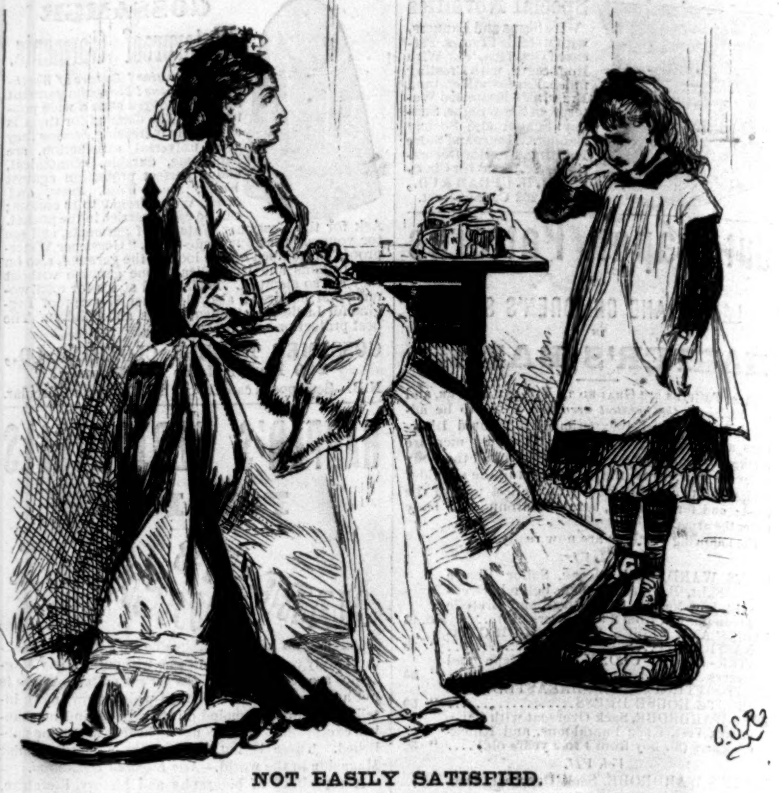

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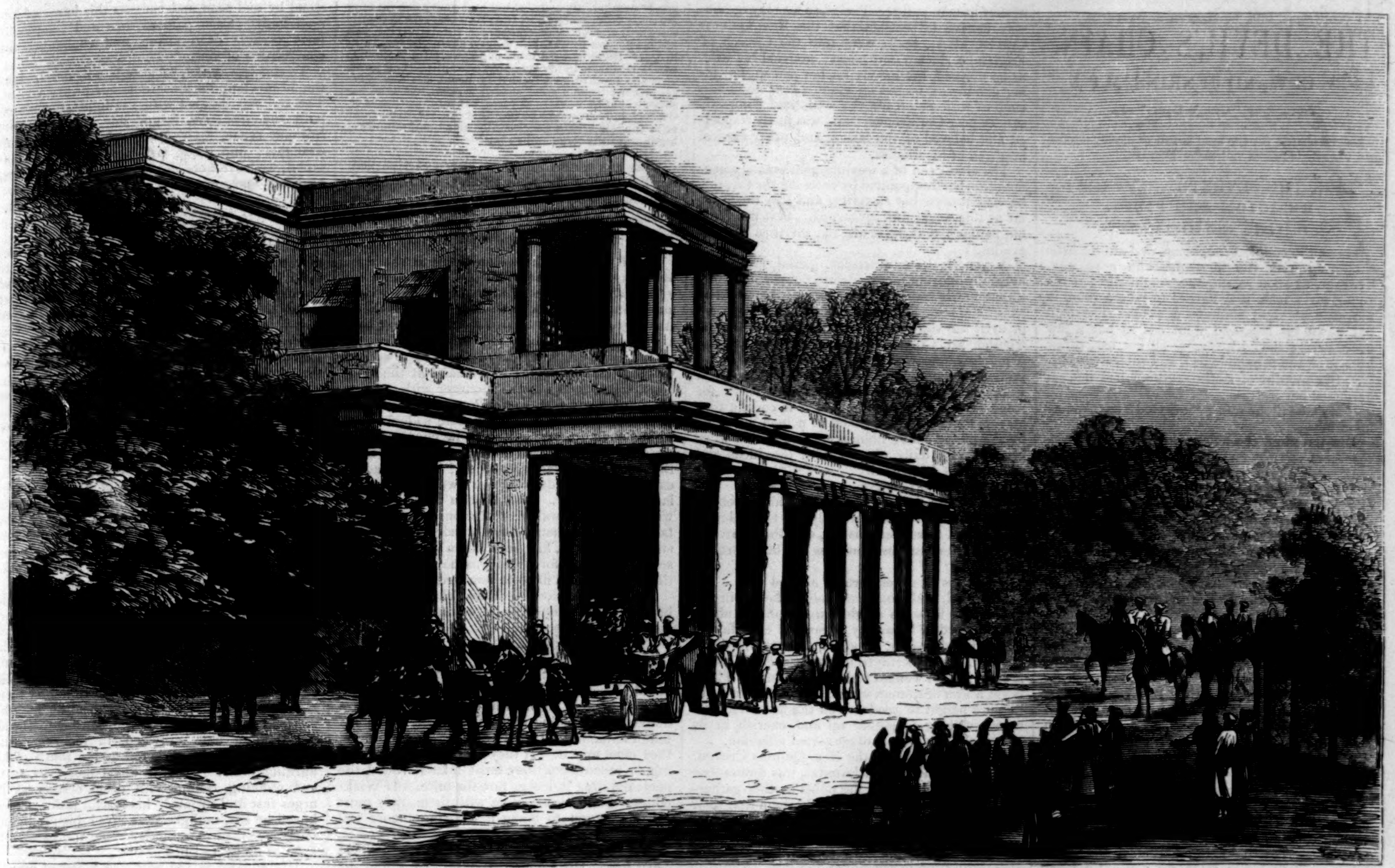

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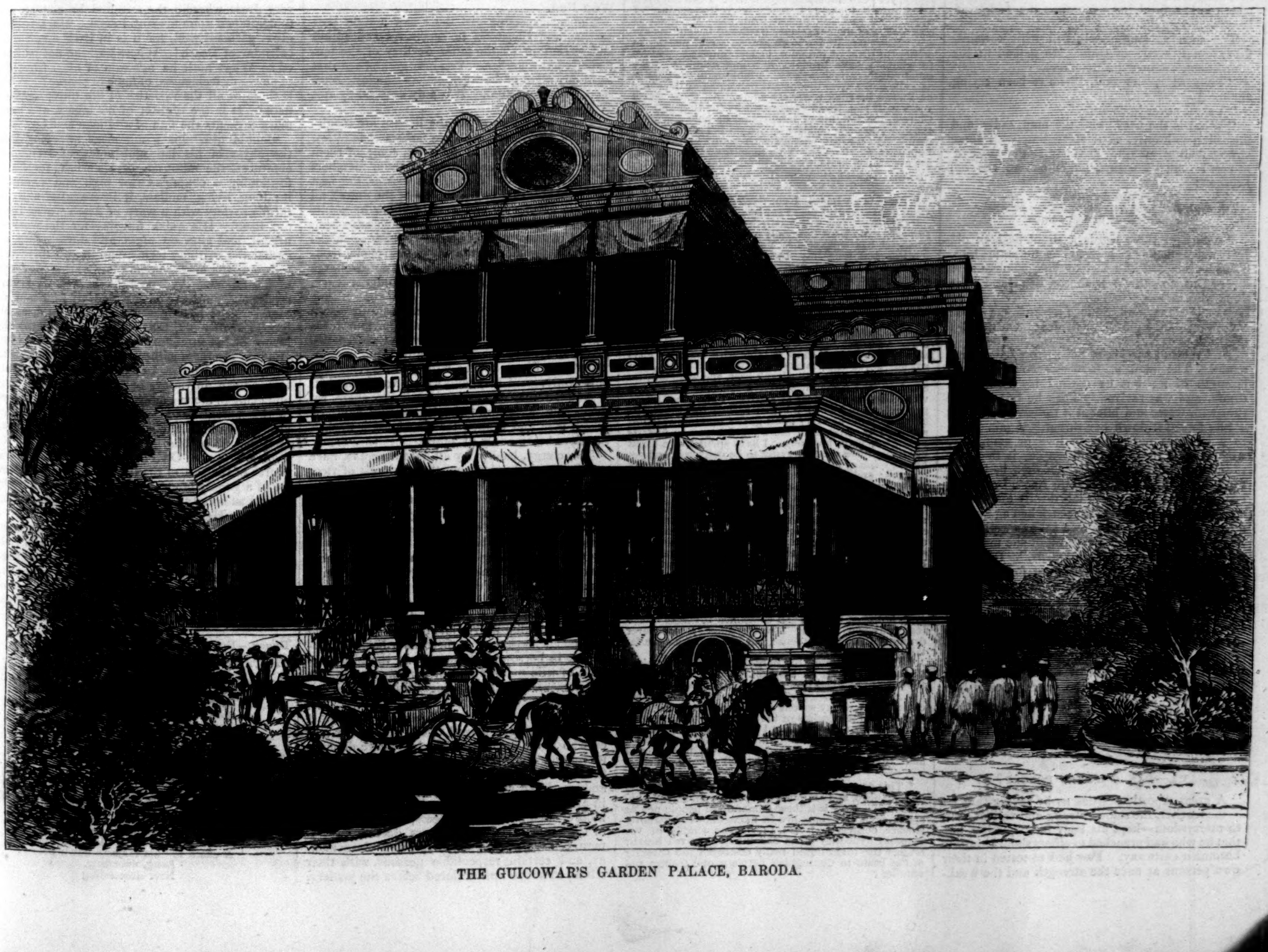

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THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

BY EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.,

AUTHOR OF "GINX'S BABY," ETC.

Make a chain: for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence.—EZEKIEL.

LINK THE SEVENTH.—(*Continued.*)

RELIGION AND PIETY.

II.—INTO THE MAELSTROM.

HERE the couple brought up, and after a little chaffering with the landlady, who gave way, however, as soon as she had caught sight of the young girl's face, they agreed to take a room in the attic at eight shillings a week. The man put down his bag, and went out to buy a few necessaries; the girl, casting off her hat, threw herself on the miserable bed, and sobbed violently. Six months of sinful vagrancy had not yet hardened her.

"My God!" she said—"my God! have mercy upon me!"

But the more she wrung her hands and wept, the more terrible and hopeless seemed her despair.

"I can not go back—I can not go on!" she cried, passionately. "O merciful God! why don't you strike me dead? Why have you deserted me? Is there no hope—no repentance?"

Mrs. Perkins slipped into the room.

"Why, why—what's the matter, dear?" she said, holding her candle to look at the beautiful disordered face, flushed with weeping. "You *are* a beauty!"

"Will you go away, please?" said the girl, immediately, sitting up with dignity and wiping her eyes. "Who asked you to come here?" The woman was quick. She saw this was no common country girl.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, miss! only I heard you going on so terrible, miss. Can't I get you something, please?"

"No, thank you. No one can do me any good."

The landlady saw an opening.

"Yes, dear, they can. Such a sweet, beautiful creature as you needn't lie here crying and sobbing enough to break her heart. Cheer up, my dear. You're in London now, and don't know what luck's in store for you. I'll bring you something directly that 'll do you good."

The everlasting comforter—the solace the girl was already learning fast, fast, to fly to as the only one left to her. Here, in superciliously pious England, we have built a wall of brass between innocence and undiscovered guilt on one side, and discovered sin upon the other. And, moreover, by our most Christian and moral practice, the errors once detected shall have a tenfold greater heinousness and a hundredfold greater penalty if they be of a woman than if they be of a man. O most just, most equitable, most politic, most consistent, and most Christ-like nation, which is less forgiving even than the Judge of heaven and earth!

The man at length returned with candles, food, and a bottle of rum. He looked at his companion, askance and troubled.

"Nelly dear," he said, "you've been crying again."

"I shall never have done."

"What is the use?" said the man, sadly, and breathing painfully, as if struggling with some strong feeling within. "What is the good of it now? Ah! I wish I could believe the old heathen:

"'Nos ubi decidimus
Quo plus Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus!'"

As he said these words a slight flash of old University memory seemed to animate him. Then he relapsed into a gloomy despondency.

—"But no—throw it to the devil and have done with it."

"It is done, and done forever," she said; "nothing can undo it. Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall kill myself!"

And the full passion of her sorrow burst forth again. The man at first was cowed by the strength of it; but he opened his bottle and drank, and was revived. Then he mixed some rum with water and offered it to her.

She forced it down her throat. Again I say, to a hopeless outcast from love or sympathy, what other "respite and nepenthe" is there for the sensitive conscience? The man had skillfully ingratiated this idea into her mind. His own soul was wrung with the deadly anguish of remorse; and her conscience-stricken agony was a pain he desired, for his own sake as well as for hers, to deaden. So for that night she managed to drive away the "Blue-Devils." But they were coming back in real earnest for her companion. He finished the bottle that night. The next morning he lay weak and trembling in bed, and sent for another. And after that the real Blue-Devils, who had been dogging him a long time, fastened on their prey.

There is no use in prolonging the story of the miserable strife. A doctor came and ordered him to the hospital, and the poor girl saw him carried away, alternately praying and blaspheming—repeating the Church service, and then pouring out curses and indecency. It was thus he died.

III.—CAN A WOMAN FORGET?

A great Apostle startles us by saying that he—the teacher, the soldier strong and valiant even to martyrdom—kept his body in subjection, lest that he who had preached to others should himself become a castaway. Few had so tested in their own persons at once the strength and the weakness of human nature. Therefore we may reasonably believe it possible that the Rev. Quintus Craven, M.A., really went into the Church of England a sincere enthusiast; married his wife, as he averred, not merely for her person, but for her goodness; waged for many a year an honest conflict with Satan for the souls and bodies of sundry poor Cornishmen; and was justly respected and beloved of the bishop and other clerical brethren of his diocese.

The eldest son of a wealthy gentleman, whose ambition he disappointed by choosing the Church, he had proved his sincerity, and lost much, so far as this world was concerned. Is it not terrible to think that, after all, the sacrifice was unavailing?

A good-looking, muscular, genial, large, and naturally buoyant fellow, always refined and punctilious in his conduct, as a man of the world or as a Christian, had you asked a church-warden or even the village doctor, twenty years before, whether Mr. Craven would have two attacks of *delirium tremens*, sink to the lowest depths of immorality, and die raving in a hospital, you would probably have been put down as fit for some such fate yourself. Yet it is certain that all this happened—happened to a man encircled by the purest home influences, and by his work brought into daily contact with the ideas and principles of Christianity.

Twice he had fallen, and twice repented. The woman whose noble affections he had wronged forgave him, struggled steadily for his redemption, helped to conceal his sin, and then watched him with the weariless wariness of a heart-broken love.

Tragedies like these are all around us!

How flesh and blood can endure the strain put upon them by souls so gloriously uplifted above the standard of humanity, I can not even fancy. Bruised and beaten, wronged and trampled under foot, utterly betrayed by perjured caitiff, there is yet a love of woman which can endure. There is yet a love of woman which, looking down from its pure height of goodness on the foul wreckage below, will fly to gather up and cherish in its bosom the last shreds of perverted affection.

When the death of the Rev. Quintus Craven, M.A., in the East End hospital, was announced at St. Jacob's vicarage, the noble mother gathered her children together, and told them that their father was dead. Then she began to recall him to them as he once was, manly, gentle, and good. She told them of his early virtues, and besought them with tears to remember him thus. Shutting within her heart the carking agony of her despair, she went away quietly by herself to London to claim the dead and bury him decently, where no one but she should find him.

Next to her heart was a letter, written in a trembling hand, in one of the fits of remorse which had succeeded to his last outrage upon her affection. I have read the letter. It ran thus:

> "MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE,—I write to you out of the deepest depths of sorrow and remorse. Why I do it I can not tell. My state is indescribable. I suffer the very pains of hell....I know I am in the bonds of iniquity, yet I can not shake myself free. I can not even bring myself to say, 'I would be better again if I could.' All *that* has passed from me. My brain is confused, and my conscience hardened beyond recovery. Every day I have to endure an awful penalty in seeing the grief of the poor, lovely, innocent creature to whom I have brought ruin and disgrace....My mind recalls things vaguely. I look upon the past as an exile looks upon the distant panorama of the shore he knows he shall never see again. All those sweet years with you, those zealous works for God and the Church, the delights of intellectual or holy converse, the love I bore our children— Ah me! I can not write about it! My soul writhes with agony in the utter hopelessness of relief. Two lines from 'The Raven,' are ever in my brain, ringing in relentless tones:
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> 'Is there—is there balm in Gilead! Tell me—tell me, I implore!
> Quoth the Raven, "*Nevermore.*"'
>
> "There is no hope. I am riveted in a fatal chain. I can not even with blood get free....
>
> "Catherine, you will hardly believe me, but I love you still. My heart has really never been false to you, whatever has happened.[*] You come before me now spotless and holy—my first and only love. I have wronged you beyond forgiveness; but, Catherine, you have never ceased to be the one day-star of my existence....
>
> "How the Devil laid hold of me, it is impossible for me to describe. I never was a wild drinker at Trinity, as I have known several men to be in their youth who are now exemplary clergymen. When I married you I was a temperate man, as things went, always being able to take my fair share at table with the other clergy, but never consciously exceeding. At home, you are aware, we principally drank beer, and wine only on Sundays, and sometimes after a specially hard day's work I had my tumbler of spirits. I can recollect no particular time when I began to feel the thirst. It grew upon me as every habit grows upon unwatchful souls. The struggle in me when I began to feel its power was fierce and long. I have spent half a night upon my knees weakly crying to be delivered, and yet *hardly wishing it.* I broke off, you remember, for six months; and you, little suspecting, remonstrated with me, thinking it injured my health, and that a little did me good. You did not know that I had long since passed the mark of a 'little.' I took it all the time, and wherever I could get it—in visiting my parishioners, and in driving about the country, at inns. And so it went on; first with beer and wines, then with spirits, until, I confess to you before God, Catherine, I could not, to save my life, pass a place where I knew it was to be had or purchased, without stopping to get it. So unappeasable grew the craving that, I own to you, I have had my glass of toddy of an evening with you, and after that have taken to bed with me a bottle of brandy, and consumed it before morning unknown to you. I was strong. I was never drunk in the ordinary sense, but always under the fatal influence....
>
> "For a long time I discharged my duties conscientiously, and hoped for the best. Then I found I had to resort to equivocation and to tricks to conceal from you and others the growing habit. Prayers soon became forms to my seared conscience, and principles gave way to the desires of the flesh. My mind seemed powerless to resist; and as I drew away from the anchor of hope I felt myself driven, as by a tempest I could not withstand, into dark seas of passion and sin. God help me! I can not tell you all. Twice, you remember, my awful thirst and guilty desires took me away from you a short time into excesses that only the Devil can know or conceive. Yet, Catherine, you hid it all—you forgave it. I drew again the breath of life, and there seemed hope of recovery for me, when the Devil threw in my way that poor girl. You know how she took to us all—how innocent she was—how she wished to be a good church-woman, and take her share in parish work! She said her mother wished it. Catherine, I seemed to be impelled by a resistless power to that sin. How successfully, alas! and with what terrible results to us and to her!"....

This was what Catherine Craven carried near her heart when she went to claim her husband's dishonored body.

IV.—THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

The funeral coach was standing at the door of the hospital. The coffin had been borne out by the shaky porters of mortality. The widow alone, and in the deepest black, followed them. As the sad party went out through the large hall, a woman and two men, who were also about to go out, were checked to let it pass. The woman was pale and sorrowful, and looked at the long, black-veiled figure of the mourner with respectful sympathy. She, having her own griefs, had been told the story of the desolate widow.

The man by her side was in charge of the third person of the party. His eyes looked upon the scene with meaningless gaze; his face had no expression. He driveled out a word or two, and laughed foolishly. The woman turned to him with a sigh. It was Mrs. Merton. Singular fatality! Her husband, found wandering about the streets demented, had been taken to this hospital some months before, and was now, for the first time, pronounced fit to be removed to an asylum.

Parish priest and Methodist class-leader! we have at length discovered a common ground of concord for you both!

V.—LICENSED LICENSE.

Why God made Mrs. Perkins, or the like of her, is no small problem in divinity. There are human devils going about this world which astound humanity. If they come across Innocence, they must mar it. If they meet with Error turning to repentance, they must take it round the neck and drag it deeper into the mire. If Wickedness comes into contact with them, they must do their worst to make it ten times more evil than before. Mrs. Perkins was of this sort.

But for Mrs. Perkins, Catherine Craven would have found out Eleanor Whyte, and would, by her large-hearted and holy sympathy, have won the child back to a happy life. The lodging-house keeper, having once set eyes on her prey, was not to be easily circumvented. When the news came that the Rev. Quintus Craven was dead, she hid it from the unhappy girl. She saw Mrs. Craven, who had been directed to the place, and told her the child had run away. Meantime the woman had given Eleanor hopes that her friend was getting better. She dressed herself up and went out with her. She feigned sympathy, talked piously, took her on Sunday to church, and on Monday to a music-hall in the West End.

The unsuspecting girl there saw a sight that outwits and surpasses in successful conception and execution all the other deviltry of the metropolis put together. You may go and see that sight any night of the week except Sunday: once seen, never forgotten. It is duly licensed by Act of Parliament.

The powers that grant the license are magistrates of Middlesex, who are fathers of families, attendants (at least) of churches, some of them servants of the Crown, some of them members of the aristocracy (*i. e.* of the *aristoi*, the best and noblest—that ought to be—of the State), all of them gentlemen and men of honor by public profession. Some of these gentlemen have been known to frequent this place. Others upon the bench, in the face of the whole metropolis looking on and knowing the facts, and in discharge of their solemn duty as justices, under a truer, higher, more sacred obligation even than if they had been put into a witness-box and duly sworn on the Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, have declared that they had visited this place, and there never saw any thing wrong. Therefore *I* can not be wrong to describe it—only dimly, good lady, and with a veil around it.

And so they have licensed it—to snare, seduce, ruin, and damn the bodies and souls of young men and women for six nights a week—Sundays being oddly excepted.

The clergy, backed by all decent people, have sought in vain to clean out this foul nest of vice. It is too popular; it is under too lofty patronage; it is managed with devilish cunning; and the profits are so enormous that any sum can be afforded which is necessary to establish its irreproachable respectability.

Outside wait long trains of hackney-coaches, carriages, broughams with servants in livery, some of them boys unschooled except in horsemanship and vice; inside, the seductive strains of music, the whirling dance, the brilliancy of gold and shining mirror and blazing gas, and the sensual enchantments of mercenary beauty tricked out in borrowed plumes, or in the glittering spoil of wild nobility and of *parvenu* wealth, are supplemented by the winning presentment of exciting drink.

Persuasit nox, amor, vinum, adolescentia! Most virtuously displayed vice! Men and women who never saw each other before are dancing promiscuously. See those bright-eyed, pink-fleshed women, clad in rich furs and velvet robes, and sparkling with costly jewels, parading, arm in arm—a long Circean chain; while a mixed mob of men and women, peers, clerks, members of Parliament, lawyers, authors, doctors, tradesmen, touts, travelers, blacklegs, and clergymen, ay, and certain respectable persons, with their wives, so sworn and declared before the justices, stand by and scan and canvass this bazar of human flesh. Each painted face and voluptuous form caskets dead virtue, and challenges the competition of vice.

To this legitimate, because law-licensed, place the benevolent Perkins took her pretty victim. The girl was dazzled with the lights, enchanted with the spectacle, forgot her sorrow in the brilliant scene, revived her spirit with Circean draughts; and there, fair, pure women of England, we leave her—to the care of your fathers, brothers, and sons.

VI.—A VISION OF DEATH.

Could we get behind the veil that separates the Seen from the Unseen, we might find that to the Hidden Powers these terrible pageants and dramas of life, whereof we are spectators, are things of awful consequence. I have fancied that in a vision I could see the evil that overshadows the land embodied and personated! A Demon Spirit, colossal—a monster truly to make the whole world tremble!

Come and look, O man of pleasure, high-born or base, refined or gross—come, tarnished women, and you sweet younglings, tempted by siren looks and voices, or drawn by fatal longings, toward brimming sparkle of foam-topped elixir—or you, tried and troubled ones, who bear the sorrows and carry the labors of humanity, who are wont to seek in cordial draughts brief solace of grief and strength for daily toil—or you, dreamers and men of thought drawing no Heliconian draughts from these fatal springs—come here, I say, and watch him at his deadly work! Truly a mighty, dread, portentous Demon!

Aloft upon his huge distended trunk behold the features, not of a smooth and laughing Bacchus, as poet and artist love to figure him, but of a brute foul and fierce, presenting withal the features of a man. See the bloated, red, and pimpled face, the purpled cheeks, the huge swelled lips which, opening, show the cankered teeth and feverish foulness of his unhealthy mouth: matted in rough locks over the slanting forehead, red flaming hair, crowned, in mockery, with wreaths that have withered at the touch of his burning brow. See the blood-shot eyes, small and cunning, rolling with cruel ecstasy as he urges fast and furiously his fearful task. Cross-kneed he sits, malignant as Siva! his prodigious trunk swathed in a motley robe, the patchwork spoil of many victims.

His apparel is red with the blood of murder and crime, of rage and cruelty, of madness and sin. Oh, look here, Christian and civilized Britons! look upon these garments, red and gory, and tell me what the frightful motley means! Tunic and cloak of every fashion, velvet and ermine of king or emperor, livery of menial, rags of beggar, chasuble of priest, Genevan gown, satin and silk of noble dame, thin torn skirt of shivering milliner, gaudy petticoat of dancing columbine, peasant's corduroy and foppish coat of city clerk, the navvy's shirt and soldier's uniform—ay! and if ye look well, ye may discern a judge's gown, and not far off a gore-stained patch, the very dress wherein the criminal he condemned to death had done his sinful deed. Mark ye this great garment well, for it is in itself a veritable calendar of Death! Where hath he not gathered? What hath he not won of life, of health, of power or feebleness, of fame or shame? What is there of all the varieties of life unrepresented here? It is the register of his labors, and each mark presents the fate of a human soul!

Behold him—his gaunt arms sweeping into the abyss of his lap multitudes of trembling creatures, the materials of his work, for he is fashioning a chain. Draw nigh and examine it: long, living, endless, it interweaves and inthralls society with a warp of death woven from out itself. His quick fingers—for the work is urgent, and goes on night and day—string together the writhing forms, and as coil upon coil rolls out, you may see again how vast is the scope of his labors. Ay! no rank is free, no family circle, no happy range of friendship! From his high seat the Demon scans the field, and, as his fingers swiftly ply, follows with greedy eyes the labors of his attendant imps. For, below him, you may see them gathering in that strange spoil. In spired and pillared city, in smoky manufacturing town, in valleys resounding with the hum and clang of labor—labor, blessed of God, cursed of this potent fiend!—'neath peaceful eaves of pastoral homes, amidst pretty woodbined hamlets, see those busy workers garnering in the Demon's prey. Oh! how much falls to their snares of the best of the life and hope and promise of a goodly land! What ministers! Wide-spread as society, active as angels of grace, pernicious as Hell!

And as they scour the world in reckless energy, for his rewards are right generous and rich, he, the Drink Demon, sweeps into his lap their shrinking spoil, and twists the living victims one by one into a great chain of life and death. And all the while he roars and calls for chorus thus:

SONG.

DEMON.—Ho! ho! ho! ho! Away ye go!

CHORUS.—Ho! ho! ho! ho! Away we go!

DEMON.—Scour the homes and haunts of men,
Thronged city and dotted plain,
Over the mountain, down the glen,
Scour the land and scour the main,
And gather links for the Devil's Chain.

CHORUS.—Drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain!

DEMON.—For the Devil a wondrous chain shall wear,
Of twisted bodies strong and fair,
Arm to leg and leg to arm,
Linked together quick and warm,
Of bad and good, of high and low:
A chain for his Majesty down below:
Long, unending,
Ever descending

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[*] This sort of thing often occurs in such documents as the above, and affords a curious psychological phenomenon. How is it these demoralized people pen or speak such egregious lies in moments of apparently sincere confession? Do they come simply of the maudlin hypocrisy of an absolutely depraved heart? or has the toxic liquid really destroyed the capacity of the brain to distinguish between one feeling and another?

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Out of the light
Into the night!
Chorus.—Drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain!

Demon.—Ho for the boroughs! ho for the fields!
Under the hedges, across the wealds,
To the shepherd wandering over the down,
To the toiling crowds of the factory town:
Here in the grimy thronging street,
There in the student's lone retreat;
Gather the master, gather the man,
Gather them all as fast as you can,
To be linked together quick and warm,
Arm to leg and leg to arm.
Chorus.—Drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain.

Demon.—King and courtier, priest and nun,
Daughter, father, mother, son,
Doctor, patient, judge, and crier,
Farmer, yokel, lord, and squire—
Weave them all in the Devil's Chain,
For ever and ever tight in the strain!
Chorus.—Drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain.

Demon.—Labor and sorrow, trust and truth,
Vigor and weakness, age and youth,
Beauty and ugliness, wealth and worth—
All the best and the worst of earth—
Poison it, ruin it, kill it with drink,
And bring it to me for another link.
Chorus.—Drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain!

Demon.—Jolly eve, ghastly morrow,
Sorrows drowned to bring new sorrow,
Bars thronged, prisons crammed,
Racy chorus, shriek of damned.
Chorus.—O drink, drink!
Drain, drain!
Another link
For the Devil's Chain!

LINK THE EIGHTH.

POVERTY, CRIME, DESPAIR.

I.—A WANDERING HEIR.

There was mourning in the house of Bighorne. Ten days had passed since the departure of the son and heir, and not a word had been heard of him. He had with him very little baggage. A note was left for his father. This was merely to inform him that the writer had engaged to go down to Norfolk with Captain Conistoun for a week's hunting, the latter having promised to find the horses.

Mr. Bighorne accepted the explanation, and troubled himself no further. Emily was the only one who felt uneasy, and she kept her anxiety to herself. She could not help hazarding guesses in her own mind at the reasons of Henry's odd conduct, but she did not impart her fancies to either of her parents. At the end of a week, however, driving down Piccadilly, her quick eye detected Captain Conistoun, who executed a rather obvious retiring movement down St. James's Passage with too great celerity to be caught by the servant. She became thoroughly alarmed. Mr. Bighorne, on hearing that the Captain was in town without Henry, also grew anxious. He looked the Captain up, and at the end of a couple of hours' search, being a determined man, found him at an obscure and dubious club. Then he learned, after a good deal of fencing, that Henry had asked his friend to keep out of the way for a week, as he had private business in the country, and desired to use Conistoun's name to explain his absence.

The poor Captain was obliged to get into a cab and accompany the father home, where he got it severely all round for lending himself to this deception, Miss Emily putting it to him in a cruelly sharp way.

"He is so greatly indebted to you, Captain Conistoun, and knows you so intimately, that perhaps it is no wonder he should have asked you to help him like this! You know, I felt so satisfied when I knew he was with you, because, of course, one was certain there could be nothing worse than usual," etc.

The Captain afterward said he would rather have been in the Balaklava charge than go through that ordeal. He was now as alarmed as the family themselves, and for the first time won Emily's approval by the activity and shrewdness which he put forth for the occasion. Mr. Bighorne could do nothing. He was almost paralyzed with apprehension.

Emily forthwith took charge of the arrangements. She determined to keep the matter perfectly quiet, but to engage a couple of detectives. An advertisement, the drawing up of which occupied the Captain two hours, in a cunning endeavor to reach the proper person without giving any one else a clew, was so grotesque that Emily laughed at it in spite of the gravity of the subject:

"To Cornu grande.—Return to your native Geneva, *à la crème*. Most anxious to see you again. Your sister Emily."

It was a supreme effort of the Captain's military genius, and he felt sure its ingenuity would baffle the strongest intellect among Henry Bighorne's numerous friends, although he had given them at least three clews. Emily, however, discarded it, and simply wrote:

"Henry.—Return to your sister."

Her heart told her that if any thing would bring him back, that would.

The detectives, who were put upon the scent during the next few days, began to get up Master Henry's history for a month or two before his disappearance. This was an annoyance to Captain Conistoun, since the threads of that history were continually crossing and recrossing his recent paths, and sometimes in very awkward conjunctions. As every one, however, who really knew any thing important was interested in keeping it quiet, the tenth day had come and the police confessed that they had not even an idea how this young gentleman got out of London.

Conistoun meanwhile had gone to Norfolk. It was the blind looking after the blind, and quite a forlorn hope, but Emily had a faint suspicion that Henry had mentioned his real destination.

The Captain shall tell his own story.

II.—THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"Aw! my deah Miss Bighawne, heah I am again! as they say in the pantomime—I—I beg your pardon! Yaas—I wemembah—you've abjewawed the theatre—and I must say, Miss Bighawne, you are quite wight—the *ballet*, you know. Eh?—deuced objectionable. Eh? *What does 'deuced' mean?* I—I beg pardon. *Bad habit?* I know it is. So sawry!

"Well, Miss Bighawne, in accawdance with yeaw instructions I poasted down to Nawfolk—always liked Nawfolk; most chawming county—and dwopped in casually, you know—you wemembah the 'ameteua casual?'—on the Bwown-Wobinsons, yeaw fwiends—deuced pretty girl, Miss Anastasia Bwown-Wobinson, ain't she?—Ah! yaas, yaas, yeaw the only woman I know who does justice to her fwiends—ah—vewy generous, eh! Nevaw let on, you know, about poaah Henry—they asked faw him—so you see I found out quietly he had not been theaw, though shouldn't have been surpwised at his visiting that chawming Miss Anastasia, you know. Eh? Well, no—she ain't my style, exactly, but stwiking, you know.

"Aftah visiting the Pwettidales, Mercers, and Batcombes, you know, gave it up in respectable quartas, and went in for the 'cads.' Eh? *What does that mean?* My deaw Miss Bighawne, you aw so ingenuous, so to speak. 'Cads' mean the lowa awdors—*hoi polloi*, you know—know Greek? Ah! *enough to understand that?* Ha, ha! vewy good! Exactly!

"Communicated immediately with police. Awfully stupid cweetiaws, countwy bobbies, you know. Led me a deuce of a chase aftah a fellow—turned out to be solicitor's clerk, Joseph Cway, wunning off from his master—fwaud, embezzlement—five pounds, you know. Poah devil—beg pardon! But that ain't swearing, though. Eh?

"Searched the whole countwy—didn't see a whisk of his tail. Eh? I hope you understand, though didn't mean to say Bighawne was a fox. Went evewy wheah—into awfully queah places, you know! Saw vewy stwange things—can't tell you all. Public-house at Buwy, Saturday night, 'fwee-and-easy.' Evewy body dwunk—women—two bull tewwias fighting—ownas fell out and got a-fighting too—fought like dogs themselves—bit and scwatched each other, wolled about woom—people all lookin' on—women clappin' their hands and sweawin' tewibly—police sent in—deuce's own wow. Beg pardon! you look pale; best stop. Eh? *No*—well, went to common lodgin'-house, you know—Nawich. *Seen them at Westminster?* The dickens you have! Aw, well, saw woman dwunk in bed, wolled over, you know, on her baby—police took her off—child quite dead—suffocated by its own mother, you know. Awfully shocking, eh? Heard afterward woman woke up and went mad about it. Made me quite unwell, you know. Eh? Oh! Nothing—do any thing for you. Mean to take the pledge if this sawt o' thing goes on much longer."

III.—SEARCHING.

The anxiety of the Bighornes had increased as the months went by and no hint of Henry's fate had come to them. The elders thoroughly collapsed, and Mrs. Bighorne was sadly nursing her husband at their country place in Hampshire. Emily, whose sorrow was deepest, alone preserved her balance. She remained in London, energetically originating and pursuing plans of discovery. She drove back into her heart the fear that her brother had taken away his own life, and worked on hopefully, now with the police, now with the family solicitors, and now with friends like Captain Conistoun or Mr. Holiwell. She had a dread suspicion of the cause of Henry's flight, but kept it strictly within her own thoughts.

Captain Conistoun was indefatigable. All that Henry had told him was simply that "there was a woman in the matter," news which the Captain philosophically stated was a "matta of cawse." But he had become a very changed man. In his frequent interviews with Miss Bighorne his admiration for her lucid intellect and cool decision of character was proportionate to the consciousness of his own lack of those qualities. He dropped out of several of the worst cliques in London, and became an exemplary attendant at St. Thomas's, where he could see Emily worshiping, and himself worship her.

He told a fellow-Guardsman in the confidence of an evening punch:

"'Pon my soul, Brady—you know—I'm afwaid she'll make a weligious man of me. I nevaw saw goodness so beautiful."

The idea of the police that Henry Bighorne had never left London constantly pressed on Emily's mind. From West to East end, by her urgent directions, detectives and friends had sought him in the obscurest haunts without success. Her connection with the mission in Westminster enabled her to assure herself that he was not there. But she was haunted with the fear that in other places other eyes might overlook him. She felt certain that no disguise could hide him from her. So this young lady resolved that it was her duty to seek him through London for herself.

Strong and adventurous men set out from England to court danger in all parts of the globe. In the ranks of the rude Herzegovinese, fighting for deliverance from the vulture rapacity and inhuman tyranny of the Moslem in Europe; among fierce Albanians, bloody Bashi-Bazouks, the semi-barbarous hordes of Russia pushing eastward in fatal and resistless conquest; in perilous pilgrimage to Mecca; in the heart of Central Africa, among slave-dealers and jealous savages; in China, or Perak, or the Andaman Islands, or the Northern Provinces of India, with the Dyaks of Borneo, or among the cannibals of Polynesia—justly resentful of the undesired benevolence of a forcible hiring to labor in the sugar-fields of Queensland for civilization and Christianity; in South American republics, with volcanoes bursting up alternately from the earth and from society; or, in the mines of California, British Columbia, or South Africa; and they return alive to tell the tale of all they have dared and done.

Yet, if danger be all that is sought, and a demonstration of a resourceful bravery be aimed at, might not a Baker, or a Burton, or a Speke, or a Livingstone, or a Butler, or a Stanley, setting out alone to explore the regions of London savagery, encounter risks as great as any to be withstood in perilous journey by land and sea? And let all quiet, respectable, and comfortable people be mindful that to the innate or cultivated rascality, the degraded ferocity of classes of the population to whose existence they deliberately shut their eyes, there is ever added the licensed danger of a supply always ready to hand of that which can add tenfold intensity to cruelty and tenfold wantonness to crime. I, for my part, can not look upon the continuous flare of public-houses in Whitechapel, or Westminster, or Marylebone, without shuddering to think that, in the event of a popular outbreak, the Legislature and the magistrates between them have laid to the people's hands, in criminal profusion, the inspiring elements of the most horrible disasters. Against this dire possibility we have set up a system of police, and about this I crave leave to say a word or two.

IV.—A NEW ORDER.

I hold that the office of policeman is, or ought to be, an honorable office. It is an office that should properly be esteemed by society above that of a soldier. A friend of mine has told me of a little girl who calls the man we irreverently term "bobby"—the Peaceman. Herein is a happy and even noble allegory, bright with sensible suggestion. Why should not an able Home Secretary sit down for a day, or mayhap a week, and work it out into practical shape?

The Policeman, or Peaceman, should have much the same qualifications as certain officers in the Church: he should be the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, modest, not ready to quarrel and offer wrong as one in wine, not double-tongued, not given to much wine, not greedy of filthy lucre—let him be taught to feel the true honorableness of his office, and even to magnify it.

I say he is greater than a soldier, is your true Policeman. The powers with whom he contends are not only of this world. If he be a sterling man and a good Peaceman, he will apprehend that he also is one of the missionaries of society. For him there is not alone catching and making ready for hanging, or other method of security, but work akin to that of the clergyman, the doctor, the brother or sister of charity.

In the police force now embodied there are some who feel after this ideal, dimly though honestly. But they are few. The other day in Whitechapel I came across a fine-looking man keeping a public-house, where common sailors and low women congregated, who had been a detective officer. This is not the stuff whereof a Peaceman should be made. Is it not something worth while to be the man who stands up between society and anarchy, waving the censer of authority, as Aaron and his fellows stood and waved their censers between Israel and destruction? To do their work in a manly, brave, yet gentle way—as the chevalier of justice should—is now accomplished by the higher officers of our home forces, but by the Peaceman proper only rarely. Our system creates machines of inexorable law, or, too frequently, hypocritical temporizers with crime.

Mr. A. J. Duffield, who will no doubt be thought a lunatic, has suggested that the policeman should be elevated. He has proposed that briefless barristers, "stickit ministers," and young gentlemen generally with more bone and sinew than they can properly utilize in the genteel professions, should here find a work not unworthy of their power. Is not this a good suggestion? Have we yet realized what might be done in the way of improving this great domestic service?

Why should we not have a noble order of the Peacemen? At present we show our estimate of the policeman's office by taking up shillings to reward his bravery, or granting him £2 out of the poor-box for a broken head and ruined constitution. The proper recognition of the policeman's services should come from the State, and the head of the State and fountain of honor is Royalty. Institute, therefore, for the police force an Order of Merit. Recognize its true status. Raise its character. Attract to it honesty, ability, and even ambition. Make way, I say, for the Most Noble Order of the Peacemen!

One word more. The safety of society is committed to the care of this order. Should it not also be an order of sobriety? Every Peaceman should be a total abstainer, whatever license we may give to other services. Make our new Order models of virtue, bravery, and self-restraint.

V.—SHADOWS OF DEATH.

Ladies and gentlemen who shop and lounge in the splendid streets that display the wealth and luxury of the Metropolis rarely think that they are walking and driving on the shores of a desolation often as extreme and melancholy as that of any disaster-ridden sea, or, to change the figure, they are skirting wildernesses of human destiny, which, like the mangrove swamps of Western Africa, hide lurking-places of the foulest malaria and most perilous savagery. And there, among those dim recesses of life, men ply a trade which exaggerates disease and adds vigor to the powers of evil. Dainty ladies, conceive what it was for Miss Emily Bighorne, under the chivalrous impulse of her nature, to seek her brother in and out among those shadows of death!

Through city slums, in alleys of Soho or Bloomsbury, in the squalid streets of Whitechapel or Southwark, to see this fair and noble girl pick her way was a spectacle not without significance. It brought into contrast the terrific distance, moral and material, between the limited wealthy class and the hordes of labor, misery, and crime.

The Drury Lane Music-hall, with its several bars, its pit filled with small tradesmen and their wives, and fast clerks and porters with their "girls;" its galleries crowded with motley crews of doubtful men and women; its upper gallery crammed with boys, the *gamins* of London, viewing on the stage the pleasures of vice, the apotheosis of crime—was only a few degrees down below the more elegant and glittering saloons of a higher society. There young rascaldom learned how to drink and swear with the worst. There Emily saw children not as high as the bar taking hot gin-and-water as if it were milk, and staggering off to Heaven knows what attempts to emulate the wickedness of their elders.

Searching a court out of Gray's Inn Lane one night when the "Old Arm-Chair" public-house had emptied its last frequenters into the street, she had there seen her conductor, a policeman, penetrate a crowd of drunken wretches stretching their necks to see a man who, in drunken fury, had caught the hair of his wife, also drunk, and twisting it round his hand, was hauling at the shrieking victim with his knee upon her chest.

It was when the public-houses were about turning out in Whitechapel that Emily took her way thither with the inspector and his sergeant to canvass the reeking lodging-houses in search of the wanderer. An early visit to the places in Flower-and-Dean Street and thereabouts, where sometimes as many as three hundred beds are occupied of a night at threepence or fourpence apiece, opens up to the thoughtful mind a vista of sorrows so long, so various, and so horrible that one might well shrink from encountering the intense awfulness of the spectacle at an hour when half a hundred neighboring gin-shops are disgorging their throngs of drunken customers. It is there that you may learn that however bad human nature may be, there is something you can administer to it and make it worse, and that there is nothing so devilish but what drink will add to its deviltry.

Strange and dismal outcome of civilization! To enter the thronged kitchen of these caravansaries of crime and beggary, and look round eagerly for the beloved face, was to Emily Bighorne to learn a harrowing lesson in humanity. A mixed crowd—thieves, tramps, beggars. Here, perhaps, a Scotchman on crutches, arguing even on that weak basis with an inspirited Irishman; there a group of youngish pale fellows, whose hands showed they did no honest toil, but preyed with light fingers on the watches of mankind, their glances furtive, their faces sometimes marked with scars or bruises of night affrays, or tied up in bloody kerchiefs. Here, again, a weary traveler, with a great shock of rough hair, in a suit of shabby velveteen, who had dropped off asleep with his hat and bundle by his side. And again a gentleman's gentleman, evidently under the weather, with a black suit, very seedy, and his tall hat brushed into a bright polish, sitting apart in disconsolate incongruity with the rough elements around him. Slovenly mothers with dirty children; girls with coarse repulsive features; some with black eyes, the tell-tales of the dangerous life they led; and here and there the scrofulous infant, whose appearance made the observer shudder to think what a hopeless thing was life for it from cradle to grave. You could not have collected two pounds among the hundred, and yet there was hardly one that had not left a toll that night at the public-house. Profits of theft, proceeds of pawn or sale of the last passable garment, day's begging, or casual wage, all gone down into the till of the publican, to leave these people as they were—nay, worse, and with less of hope!

Thus he, the *Publican*, emissary of the brewer and distiller, works at both ends—to bring down the high, to confirm and deepen the degradation of the low.

Here is his shop, divided into compartments for bar, retail, and refreshment. Two or three rows of ivory-handled pumps, their brass bright and shining; dinted pewters and polished glasses ranged along the metal shelves. Sometimes a row of great pipes of spirits, tapped to pour their fiery water into the cans which supply the model barrels of glass on the shelf behind the bar; and hundreds of bottles of every shape and every hue of bright contents arranged in dazzling ranks wherever a standing-place can be found. Flaring gas, bright mirror, foaming pewter, smoking glass, quick bar-maids, drawing, drawing, drawing from the endless store, and dropping, dropping, dropping with a merry chink the hopes and healths of many a customer into their tills. There is little difference truly between the splendid bars of the West End and their kindred institutions in Whitechapel or Southwark. They are all equally designed to allure and stimulate the feverish thirst. The pale and weary girls who, at the humbler places, serve out to ragged poverty and crime or robust labor their lush and stingo are no worse than the frumped-up beauties who, as they exchange free jokes or affected compliments with lounging clerks, or dandy blacklegs, or fast young *parvenus*, keep them alive with flips and tonics.

One night Emily, disguised in a coarse woolen dress and a staid bonnet with a thick veil, entered, in the course of her trying round, one of the houses in Ratcliffe Highway which had a license for liquor, music, and dancing. The bar below was filled with sailors of every nationality, engaged in drinking, in polyglot blasphemy, and coarse courtship. Lascar, Swede, Russian, Dane, Dutchman, Italian, mingled with the sons of the three kingdoms. Here possibly Henry might have found his way to endeavor to get a berth in some obscure vessel. Through the crammed bar a lane was forthwith made, at the call of the stout landlady, as soon as the inspector's face was seen; while the publican (a powerful man, who had been a detective in his day) turned with ludicrous solemnity to remonstrate with a tipsy woman for using improper language—a remonstrance she treated with derisive levity.

Up a few steps and through a door, they passed into a room resounding with odd orchestral music, a lofty room with a ventilating sky-light. The walls were decorated with paper in gaudy panels, in the middle of which were depicted highly colored Terpsichorean beauties, displaying their charms with Grecian naïveté but un-Grecian grace. By the door was the semicircular bar, where three women were kept busy in drawing and mixing the liquors. Over the bar the orchestra urged its doleful jollity of sound. On one side of the room were narrow tables and seats, just then crowded with men—chiefly sailors—and women all of one class. The rest of the large space was devoted to dancing, a strange amusement of half-drunken coarseness and folly. Women sailed to and fro to the bar to fetch liquor to their companions, or to buy it for themselves; and then they could be seen going the rounds with their own hot toddy, exchanging a sip of it indiscriminately with any one who would give them a pull at pewter or glass. It was plain enough in flushing face and glancing eye how this horrible mixture was working. Emily turned quickly away to scan the faces of the men; but Henry was not there.

Just as she was leaving, her eye caught sight of a girl, quite young, whose face looked fresher and prettier than any of the rest, and whose dress was neater in fit and appearance. She had just raised to her lips a glass of punch, which she drained, and then rushed into the dance with feverish animation.

"Do you know who that poor girl is?" said Emily to her conductor.

"Oh yes, miss. It's the saddest case I know of. She hasn't been long at the East End, and she won't stay here long with that face and figure. She is a girl called Lucy Merton. A young lawyer's clerk, named Cray, brought her down here. He had run away from his employers, solicitors in Bedford Row, with some papers and a few pounds of money. That girl was with him. They had to knock about in low places to keep out of sight. When we caught him they were well-nigh starving, and after we took him away there was not much left to her to do but what she's doing. We don't know where she comes from, but I should say she was out of a West End shop. I've tried hard to get her to tell me, but it ain't no use. She's going through a sort of stage now—just running on as you see, trying to drown all and forget like. We see such cases sometimes, though not often. If they wouldn't take to drinking, they might come round again. Your friend ain't here, miss? Then we'd best go."

Emily's heart was bleeding.

"Stay," she said. "She is not dancing now. Will you ask her to come here?"

The girl came forward at the policeman's summons; how different from the bright, light-hearted maiden that tripped along St. Martin's Lane a few months since! The cheeks were still comely, but flushed with the heat of wine. There was sadness in the blue eyes which were growing so hard and saucy, and in the dark rings beneath them were the written evidences of ill health of body and soul. Emily raised her veil. At the sight of the beautiful pale features and the sweet eyes regarding her so sadly, the poor girl shrank back. But Emily took her hand.

"Let me go!" cried Lucy Merton, thickly, for 'twas late and the drink was telling on her.

"No," replied Emily, firmly. "Come with me."

The superior spirit conquered, and Lucy Merton suffered herself to be led through the crowd at the bar till they got out into the street; then she tried to break away, but the policeman held her.

"Let me go!" she said, crying with terror and vexation; "I've done nothing to you."

"True," said Emily. "But, my poor sister, can I do nothing for you?"

"Sister!" she said, with a shower of tears. "Don't mock me, miss. I don't know what you do here. You are a lady. Go away and let me alone. You are cruel; you are bringing back all my sorrow."

"Yes, I repeat it, 'Sister!' Do you not know of One who called a sinner 'daughter?' I, who know my own sinfulness, can not shrink from owning an erring sister. My dear girl, can I not save you from your sorrow, or at least allay it? There is always hope."

"No! no! You need not tell me that. I never sought to be as I am. It came to me. I was innocent. I know not why it came. I curse God every day I live for it; and now I'll live it out."

When a fine nature wakes to the fact that it has been outwitted by some devilish subterfuge, and has lost forever the virtue whereon it prided itself, it rarely stops to consider circumstances and estimate exact responsibilities. The reaction from trust and hope is often madly extreme. And the fact which in our social existence comes most cruelly home to a woman wronged as was Lucy Merton is that there is written by English opinion over the door of society the notice to such as she, *Nulla retrorsum*.

Miss Bighorne again took the girl's hand, but she broke away, and hastily drying her eyes, ran back into the room. Spite of the inspector's remonstrance Emily pushed through in pursuit, but arrived only in time to see the object of her care toss off a glass of wine and resume the dance.

"Ah!" said the inspector, sententiously, as they went away, "if it wasn't for the drink, that girl might be saved. Now she's taken to drowning out her sorrow that way, it ain't a bit of use, miss—you take my word for it."

LINK THE NINTH.

HOPE, HONOR, LIFE.

I.—O FATAL SYLLOGISM!

SLOW and weary passed the weeks at the humble hospice of the Burslem curate. Critical danger and trembling suspense; the unconscious wanderer watched with all the earnestness of a humanity which was possessed with the noblest spirit of brotherhood. A strange, long struggle of a feeble vitality and diseased brain with the power that may put out the lamps of life and thought. Often the good doctor sat by and feared that the spirit would slip away like a shadow, and escape his saving hand. And the poor curate, overworked by day in a ceaseless warfare with the diligent sorrows of men, sat through the hours of night waiting on this unknown stranger, and listening for any word that might give him a thread to trace his identity. Now and then came hints of evil life that made the good man quail; now a coupling of the name of "father" with saddening epithets of scorn and anger, or of "mother" with gentle endearments. Often the sick man called for "Emily" with fond exclamations and words of regret. Yet he never dropped a surname.

But one night, just after twelve o'clock, the sick man's incoherent mutterings suddenly stopped. The curate, sitting drowsily at the table, with a shaded candle, nodding over the paper intended for Sunday morning's sermon, while the fire slumbered in the grate, heard a clear voice:

"Emily!"

He started up, and bringing forward the light, saw that a great change had come over the young man. The chiseled face lay upward, no longer distorted with pain or the fury of delirium, but tranquil. It was like a marble face, and the marble was weeping.

"Did you call?" said Mr. Wood.

"Where's Emily? Where am I?"

"In good hands, my friend—in good hands, thank God! Emily is not here at present."

"Not here?" said the sick man, turning his eyes toward the speaker, and searching the gentle, open face. "Does she know I'm ill? I have been awake for an hour, and I feel very weak and ill. How long have I been here?"

"For some time," said the curate.

"And is she not within call?"

"No."

"Then I shall never see her again," said the youth. He turned away languidly and painfully to hide his tears.

"By God's grace you will, my friend. You are getting better now."

"No," replied the sick man. "I woke up, and felt at once it was to die. How came I here?"

"I found you in my out-house. You had sought shelter there one stormy night."

"Oh, I remember!" replied the patient, with a shudder—"Bill Knowsley."

"Bill Knowsley, young man!" cried the curate, startled out of his wariness for the moment. "Why, only this very day have I read of that man's execution for the murder of his wife and children! I trust you had naught to do with it?"

"Nothing, thank God!" replied the other. "I have sins enough to answer for without that. I was hiding at his house for special reasons, and I fear the money I gave him had something to do with his crime. But you say he is executed. How long is that ago?—how long have I been here?"

"Many weeks. Do not overtax yourself now. I am a clergyman. Not knowing what may happen, though I hope the best, I ask you, before God, to tell me who you are, and how you came here."

"Then you have not found out who I am, and Emily knows nothing?" said the other, in a sad whisper. And he retook to weeping. The clergyman waited. Then he began to repeat softly one or two of the Collects, and the words seemed to steal like soothing music into the sick man's heart.

"Thank you," he said; "I am very grateful. Those words revive sweet memories—but it is too late now. The few minutes I have to live I must spend in thanking you for your goodness, and in making a statement of the circumstances that have brought me here. Have you a pen and ink?"

The curate gave him a few spoonfuls of nourishment, but he read in the youth's face that his premonition was too correct, and hastened for the writing materials.

"Take down that my name is Henry Willesden Bighorne, son of Mr. Richard Bighorne, member of Parliament—the great distiller. Twenty-two years of age, of Baliol College, Oxford—from which University my own father removed me to the distillery, and to the life which is ending in this......but I do not blame him......please take that down. Tell him that, dying, I said I nourished no angry or unfilial thought, and took all the fault upon myself. He never was so weak as I have been. My sister Emily—you can not tell what a dear lovely girl she is! what a blessing it will be to you to get her thanks for your kindness!—tell her, too, that hers was the only name I could think about when I was dying......

"I have no time for confessions: I feel myself growing weaker every minute. Write rapidly. Say that on the —— of February last, I went to No. —— St. Martin's Lane, London, to call upon a person there named Helena Bellhouse. Do not be shocked. Sad as her life was, she was a born lady, and a wonderfully clever and engaging woman, quite of an unusual character, and though under a dreadful cloud, strangely ambitious to preserve some self-respect and be the best she could be. God knows how little that was, for she was a hard drinker at times. It does not matter how I became acquainted with her. She was twice my age, but I took a kindly interest in her, and especially because she had told me of a beautiful child she had in the country who was born in lawful wedlock, and whom she was protecting from a bad husband. She never mentioned his name. I helped her as much as I could to carry out her plans, and latterly used to fetch the letters that came for her from the child or her guardians. She never told me, however, who she really was. I should say I had a most intimate friend, Captain Conistoun, son of Lord Newmarket, to whom, poor fellow, I owe a terrible debt for initiating me into the mysteries of life. I also knew a gentleman of high position and loose morality, well known in London society. He is a Secretary of State. He was a strange man, and had taken a fancy to this woman because she was so clever and lady-like.

"Well, Sir, on that day of February, I went in the afternoon, just about dusk, to call on Mrs. Bellhouse, as she called herself. I had been to Notting Hill to get a letter she expected from her daughter. When I entered her room Mr. Delamarre was there; a cloak and hat in which he used to disguise himself lay on the sofa. Wine and spirits were on the table—they had both been drinking. She was excited. He seemed troubled and vexed.

"'Bighorne,' he said, immediately, 'I have made an astounding discovery. Let me present to you Mrs. Hurlingham, the sister of your friend and mine, Captain Conistoun.'

"I staggered and sat down. 'Good heavens!' I said. 'Helen, is this true?'

"'Yes,' she replied, 'it is true.'

"I can not describe to you, Sir, the horror with which we three people looked at each other: it seemed as if some evil spirit had dropped down, and, with a wave of his wand, set us all aghast with mutual repulsion. To lessen probably the painful restraint of this exposure, the poor lady tore open the letter I had brought, and ran her eyes over it. Before she had finished she thrust it into her bosom and uttered a fearful shriek. Then she ran to the window. We rushed forward to stop her, but only seized a light shawl she had on, which slipped off her shoulders. The next instant she had thrown herself out, with a shriek more awful than before...... Write this down carefully, Sir. I make my solemn declaration on my dying bed that neither I nor Delamarre contributed in any way whatever to that woman's death."

"But, Mr. Bighorne, excuse me. If that is so, why, may I ask, did you desire to secrete yourself?"

"To save my friend, Mr. Delamarre. He is one of the props of the Ministry—they are already weak. If this had come out, he must have been disgraced, and then forced to resign. You may tell my friends of it, but keep it a solemn secret......Neither of us had been recognized; but my terror of discovery grew so strong, I had to run away. Through some strange acquaintances I had formed in the course of my wild life I succeeded in getting out of London undetected, and, disguising myself, was passed from shelter to shelter, until I came across Bill Knowsley."

* * * * * *

The curate ran to the bed. The youth was in a syncope. The good man saw some swift restorative was needed, and poured out from the hitherto untouched flask a little brandy, with which he touched the patient's lips. The sick man feebly opened his eyes, in which for an instant a strange light played.

"Ah!" he whispered; "brandy! Would to God I had never known the taste!"

II.—AN UNPLEASANT VISITOR.

Mr. Delamarre was one of Miss Bighorne's admirers. He was assuredly a most distinguished suitor: Secretary of State for the Marine, forty-seven years of age, of an agreeable and winning presence, connected with exalted families, a man of unquestionable talent, standing high with his party, and universally popular in society. Emily might have been forgiven by some people had she overlooked his glaring faults and accepted his hand. But while society acknowledged and admired Mr. Delamarre, it took the privilege of talking freely about him, and the gossip was not edifying. In truth, the Secretary was not overparticular about his private life, and not even careful to keep it private. When a man drives his Stanhope to Richmond or Greenwich, and airs himself there before the public with whatever company he may have, he challenges society to take note in what manner he is living. But Mr. Delamarre's fame as a man of the town was, as is usual, confined to certain cliques, reputable and disreputable. Only vague rumors reached the ears of lady friends, and these were most discreetly chastened. For while it is generally true that evil report is apt to grow as it progresses, an exception is sometimes made in the case of the nobility and upper classes. A peer's son or the heir of a millionaire will have his follies reported in euphemisms and his vices painted with a gentle hand.

Miss Emily had never taken to Mr. Delamarre, and her instinctive dislike to him had been confirmed by Henry Bighorne, who once curtly said to his sister, "'Ware Delamarre!" This was not an unnecessary warning, since the elder Bighorne's faith in the recuperative powers of human nature, both moral and physical, when it was of the aristocratic order, was so great that he would willingly have run the risk of the Secretary's reformation.

On the very morning of Henry Bighorne's death Mr. Delamarre was leisurely dressing at his house in Dover Street, at the early hour of ten, when his servant entered and announced that an inspector of police from Scotland Yard desired to see him.

"Wishes to see me, Laycock? He must have made a mistake. I'm not the Home Secretary."

"I told him, Sir, there was some mistake, and that you were dressing. But he has your name down, and he insists on seeing you at once."

"Well, then, show him up here."

The Inspector entered—a broad, serious-faced fellow—and gave a salute.

"Beg pardon, Sir," he said, "but information we've received, Sir, interests you particularly. I thought I had best come up and see you about it alone, Sir."

"Very good of you, Inspector," said Delamarre, buttoning his braces. "But is it really so important that you must break into my dressing-room to tell it?"

"That's as you think, Sir, when you've heard it," replied the policeman, shortly—like a man who knows his position and how to keep it.

"Well, let us hear this wonderful information you have got hold of, my friend."

"Yes, Sir, certainly. Did you happen, Sir, to know a Mrs. Bellhouse, who lived at —— St. Martin's Lane?"

"Ho!" said Mr. Delamarre, with a little laugh. "You came to tell me something, and now you're cross-examining me!"

"Well, Mr. Delamarre, if you know any thing about her, it will come out; and if you don't, well and good," and drawing a pocket-book from his pocket, he opened it and took out an envelope, addressed in a female hand to Mr. Delamarre.

"Do you know that writing, Sir?"

"I tell you I am not going to answer any questions put to me by an inspector of police. If you have any statement to make, make it—and then begone: my breakfast is waiting."

The Inspector took no notice, but went on with his work.

"Mr. Delamarre!" he said, standing in front of the Minister, "this envelope—" Delamarre snatched it out of his hand, and was about to throw it into the fire—"and the letter inside it, Sir, which I have in my pocket. You needn't destroy that," he added, quietly—"you can't destroy my evidence."

Mr. Delamarre laughed, and said, "Oh! I was getting tired of the subject. And as the envelope is my property, picked up somewhere, no doubt, I thought I would cut the matter short by burning it. But there it is, if you want to keep it. You are only wasting time, however."

"That envelope, Mr. Delamarre," said the policeman, steadily, "was found in the sofa in the room Mrs. Bellhouse occupied the day she threw herself out of window. You remember, Sir, at the inquest—"

"I know nothing about the inquest," interrupted Mr. Delamarre. "It was a scandal which did not concern me."

"Perhaps so, Sir. But at the inquest it was stated that two gents were in the room with Mrs. Bellhouse that afternoon, and at the time when she fell out of the window. Also that one of those gentlemen wore a cloak and black felt hat, Mr. Delamarre—something like this cloak and hat, Sir, I suspect," said the policeman, gravely, as he pointed to a chair in the dressing-room where two such articles appeared to have been thrown the evening before.

Delamarre looked uneasy.

"Look here, Inspector," he said, "you fellows are so accustomed to putting things together in accordance with your theories that you make extraordinary blunders. You state that you found that letter in a sofa that stood in Mrs. Bellhouse's room. Well, if you have the letter too, you know that it was from Mrs. Bellhouse herself. I admit I was acquainted with her, and she occasionally corresponded with me. But you can easily suppose that I had handed it back to Mrs. Bellhouse, and she had put the letter there herself."

"No, Sir; I think not. The envelope has the 'London West' postmark, and was delivered at half past four on February 1, and on the other side from the direction there's a memorandum in pencil, Sir: '*Saw Elliston. Claymore to be recalled. Coke to be V. Ad.*' You remember, Sir, Admiral Claymore was recalled in February, and your cousin, Captain Coke, was made Vice-Admiral? The letter was dropped out of your pocket, Sir, in Mrs. Bellhouse's room."

"Look here, Inspector!" replied Delamarre, uneasily. "You're a man of the world. You know I'm a man of the world. There is no use opening up a gentleman's private life, and making a great scandal for nothing. I can assure you I had nothing to do with Mrs. Bellhouse's death. Throw the papers into the fire."

"Can't do it, Sir. They've been in the hands of the Chief Commissioner."

"The deuce they have!"

"Yes; and he says he must do his duty. *Where's the other man, Sir?* It may be a case of murder, Mr. Delamarre?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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